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Royal Fête at Claremont

JULY 9 & 10, 1907

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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

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SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL FÊTE AT CLAREMONT

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
President Deptford Fund

Printed by the St. Martin's Press

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A SOUVENIR

OF THE

Royal Fête at Claremont

IN AID OF THE DEPTFORD FUND

PATRONS

Their Majesties The King & Queen

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF

HER THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

PRESIDENT OF THE DEPTFORD FUND

AND IN THE PRESENCE OF

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

LONDON

1907

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A Souvenir

OF THE

Royal Fête at Claremont

IN AID OF THE DEPTFORD FUND

PATRONS

Their Majesties The King & Queen

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
(PRESIDENT OF THE DEPTFORD FUND)

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

9 AND 10 JULY

LONDON:
1907

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The Duchess of Somerset
The Duchess of Westminster
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The Marchioness of Tweeddale
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The Countess of Strathmore
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The Lady Leigh
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The Lady Napier of Magdala
The Lady Newlands
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The Lady Reay
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Mr. P. H. Martineau *
Mr. Louis N. Parker
† Mr. Alfred H. Tarleton *
† Mr. W. Ward-Cook *
Mr. Edmond L. Pattison

and

All Ladies and Gentlemen taking part in the Masque

† *Fete Executive Committee* * *Deptford Fund Executive Committee*

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Special Thanks are due

To Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, who has generously presented the Book of Words.

To Mr. ALAN MACKINNON, who has personally managed the Masque of Life, and planned and carried out all the positions and details.

To Mr. PERCY ANDERSON, for his kind gift of Sketches for the Dresses of the Chorus.

To Mrs. McCLURE, for her assiduous work in designing all the Costumes of the Norman and Lancastrian Visions, and those of the Ladies and Pages of the Historical group.

To Mr. EGERTON CASTLE, for directing the Fight in the Norman Vision.

To Mr. ALLEN K. BLACKALL, Mr. CHARLES SCOTT-GATTY, and Mr. LOUIS D'EGVILLE, for the Music specially composed by them, and to the latter for his arrangement of the Indian Dance.

To all the Ladies and Gentlemen taking part in the Masque, for their kind trouble and successful work.

To Mr. ERNEST GILCHRIST, who has kindly assisted in the musical arrangements.

To Lady AUCKLAND (Morton and Edwards), for presenting a large collection of Paste Ornaments to be sold at Her Royal Highness's Booth.

To Mr. C. VANDYK, for presenting the Souvenir Handbook free of all cost to the Fund.

To Messrs. REMINGTON, for the loan of a Typewriter for work in connection with the Fête.

To Messrs. ABDULLAH & COMPANY, Ltd., and Mr. F. BATEMAN, for presenting Cigarettes to be sold at the Fête.

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To Messrs. CHUBB & SONS, for supplying the Cash-Boxes used at the Fête.

To Mesdames GODDARD & SOUTHEY, for supplying Rosettes and Sashes.

To Mr. FINDEN BROWN, for presenting the Purse-Bags worn by the Ladies.

To Mr. HWFA WILLIAMS, for the loan of Chairs by the Sandown Park Club.

To Miss EDITH WEBSTER, for presenting the Floral Decorations for the Children's Car in the Masque and the Canopy.

To Messrs. HITCHINGS & COMPANY, for the loan of the Car used in the Masque.

To Messrs. CORNEY & BARROW, for providing the Wine for the Helpers' Luncheon Tent.

To Messrs. C. TURNER & SONS, Messrs. W. BULL & SON, and Messrs. DICKSON & ROBINSON, for supplying Cut Flowers and Plants.

To Mr. JOHN P. ROBERTS, for Milk, Cream, &c.

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H.S.H. PRINCESS MAY OF TECK

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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK
President Children's Guild

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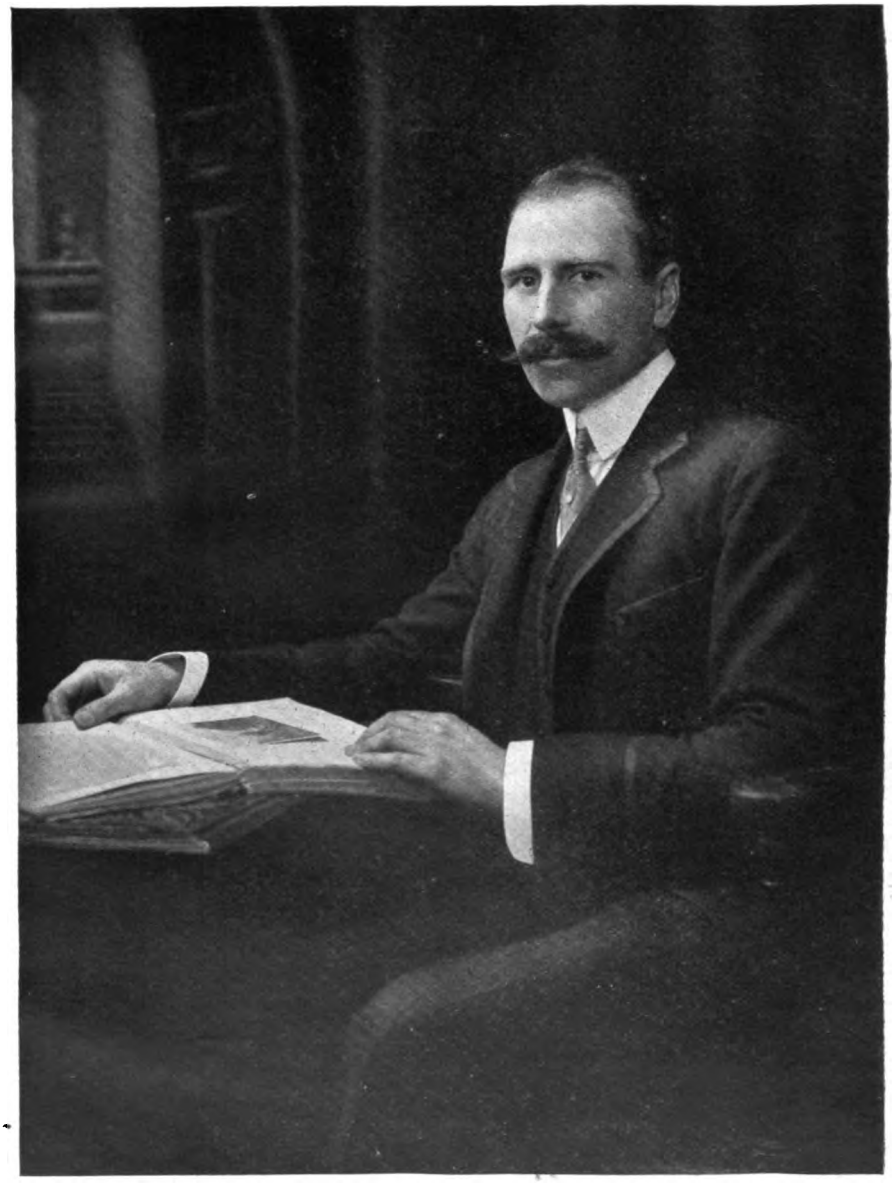

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Princess Alexander of Teck and Princess May of Teck — The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha — The Duchess of Albany — The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha — Prince Alexander of Teck

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Princess Alexander of Teck and Princess May of Teck

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

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H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK

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H.S.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK

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General Arrangements of Fete

THE Grounds will be opened at 12 noon on each day.

2.45 to 4.45. **Masque of Life**

1 to 2.30. LUNCHEONS (in special Reserved Tent for Parties ordered beforehand).

4 to 6. TEA. Tickets 2s. each.

1.30 to 7.30. The HOUSE on View at 1s. per head.

5 to 8. **Country Fair,** under Col. BARRINGTON-FOOTE

Assisted by Miss MAY SEVERNE, Miss HOLLAND-HIBBERT, Miss JOAN and Miss EFFIE LYONS, Hon. MARY O'HAGAN, Miss CLARE FITZGERALD, Miss FLORA WOOD, Miss CUCKOO and Miss AIMÉE BROOMAN-WHITE, Miss SIBELL BARRINGTON-FOOTE, Mr. F. LEGGE, Mr. W. A. SELBY, R.N., Capt. A. H. WOOD (Scottish Rifles), Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, Mr. R. DUKE, Mr. P. DUKE, Mr. D. WILLIAMS.

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H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany's Booth for Sale of Goods

H.S.H. Princess Elizabeth of Bentheim Steinfurt
H.S.H. Princess Victoria of Bentheim Steinfurt
Miss Ethel Baggs
Miss Kennett Barrington
Miss Bevan
Miss Ursula Blackwood
Miss Kathleen Butler
Miss Gladys Cherry
Miss Edith Clark
Miss Marjorie Clive
Miss Cochran
Mrs. Rennell Coleridge
Miss Cordes
Miss Cunliffe
Mrs. R. J. Drake
Miss Violet Ellis
The Misses J. and M. Farquharson
Miss Sibell Barrington Foote
Miss Kathleen Gladstone
The Misses Alice and Eva Green-Wilkinson
Miss Nancy Henderson
Miss Lucy Herbert
The Misses Hoare
Miss Monica Holland
The Misses Hone
The Misses Barbara and Madeleine Hood
Miss Barbara Jones
Miss Kennedy
Miss Nellie Kerr
Miss Lees
Miss Legge
Miss Eleanor Littleton
The Misses Lockwood
Miss Madge Lockwood
Miss Violet Maclean
Miss Macpherson of Cluny
Miss Muriel Maitland
Miss Ethel Heron Maxwell
Miss Muriel Heron Maxwell
The Ladies Meade
Miss Morris
Miss Doris Pearce-Jones
Miss Pearson
The Ladies Florence and May Pery
Miss Royle
The Misses Eva and Cynthia Sandford
Miss Sartorius
Miss Vera Scott
Miss Seymour
Mrs. Bruce Shipway
Miss Mollie Skene
Miss Speir
Miss Stewart and Miss Lilian Stewart
The Hon. Diana Sturt
Miss Millicent Taylor
The Misses Marjorie and Algitha Turnor
Miss May Vernon
The Lady Dorothy Walpole
Miss Wemyss
Miss Madeleine White
Miss Wightwick
The Lady Isabel Wodehouse

And others

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Entrance for Motors, Carriages and Cabs by the Claygate and Broom Hill Lodges.

Entrance for Motor Omnibuses and Brakes to set down—
The Ice House Gate, Stoney Hill.

Entrance each day till 5 p.m.—5s. After 5 p.m.—1s.

Fête closes for admission at 7.30.

Grounds close at 8.

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THE LADY FLORENCE PELHAM-CLINTON

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LADY DARLING

Vice-President Deptford Fund and Shaftesbury House Refuge

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THE LORD BELHAVEN AND STENTON

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THE VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND
Vice-President Children's Guild

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THE HON. MRS. HANBURY LENNOX

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MRS. TARLETON

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MRS. ALLHUSEN

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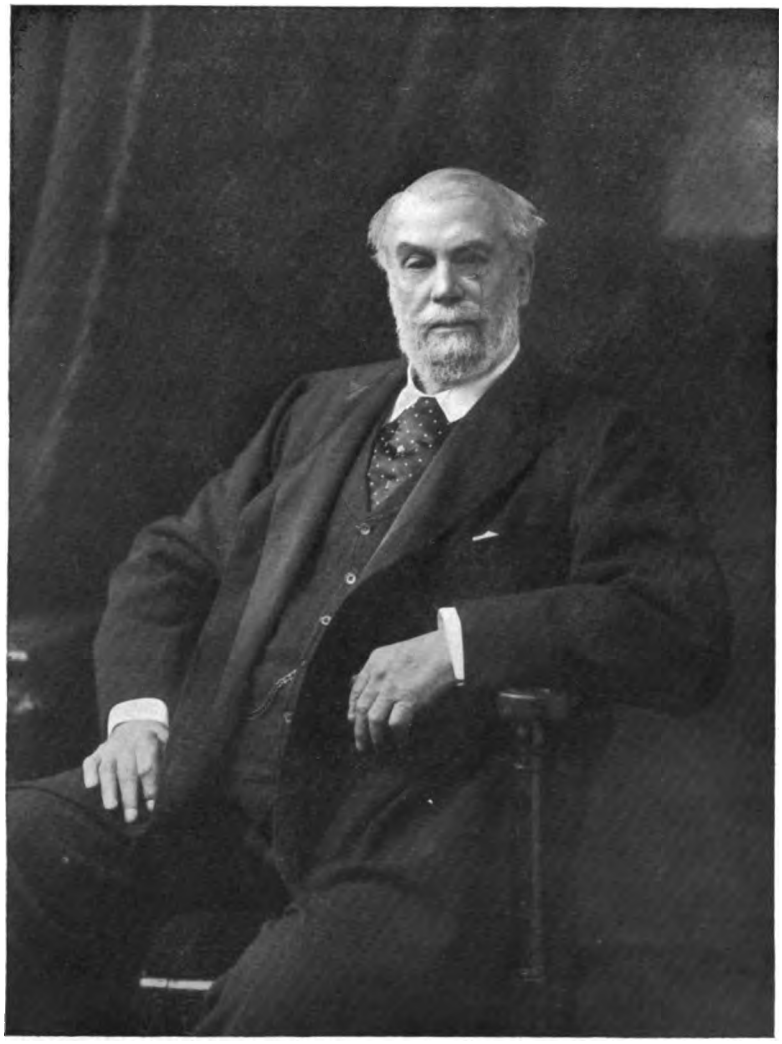

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MRS. SARTORIS

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THE LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY

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LADY JOYCE

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THE LADY ALICE LESLIE

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THE LADY DECIES

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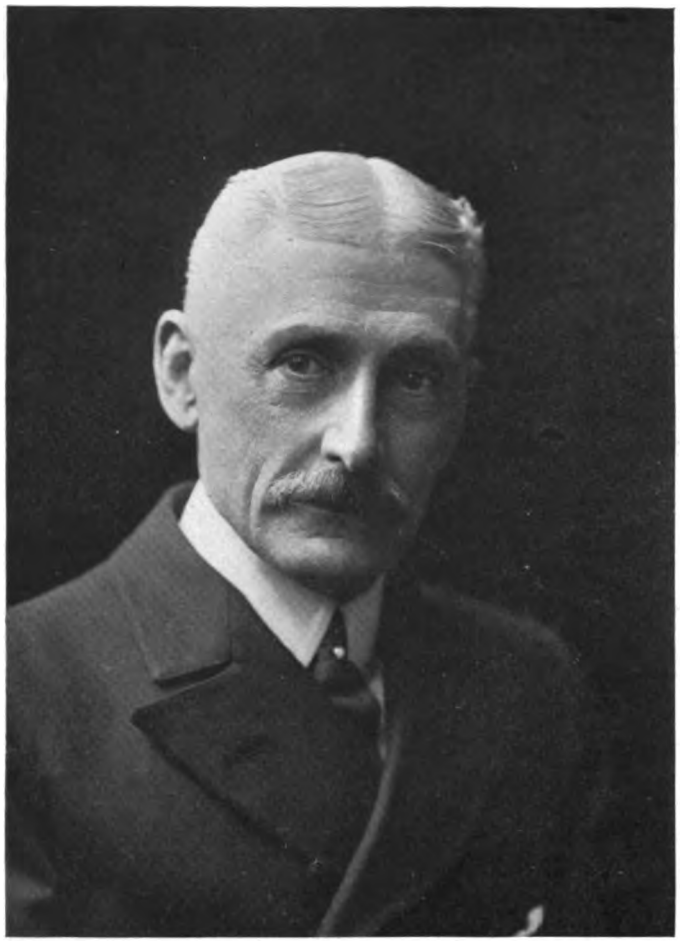

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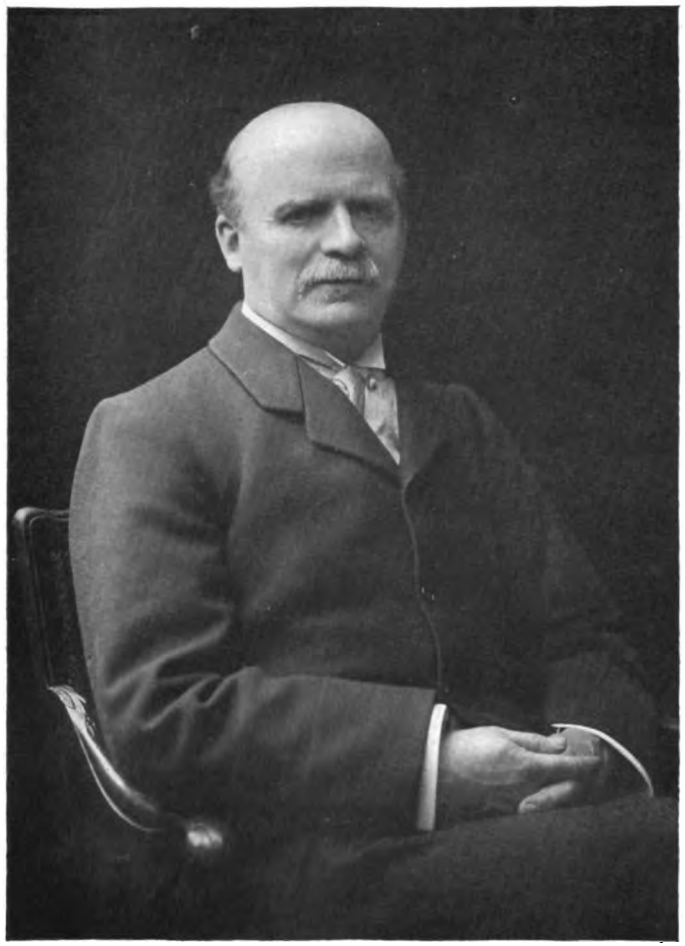
COLONEL BARRINGTON FOOTE



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W. WARD-COOK

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Chairman of Executive Committee and Honorary Treasurer

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SIR ROBERT COLLINS, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

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A MASQUE OF LIFE

CONSISTING OF SIX EPISODES, WITH AN EXPLANATORY CHORUS,

ILLUSTRATING

The Progress of an English Family from Early British Days, through the Norman, Lancastrian, Elizabethan and Restoration Periods, to that of Queen Anne,

WITH A FINAL PROCESSION, INCLUDING ALL THE CHARACTERS

WRITTEN BY

LOUIS N. PARKER

ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY

ALAN MACKINNON

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LOUIS N. PARKER

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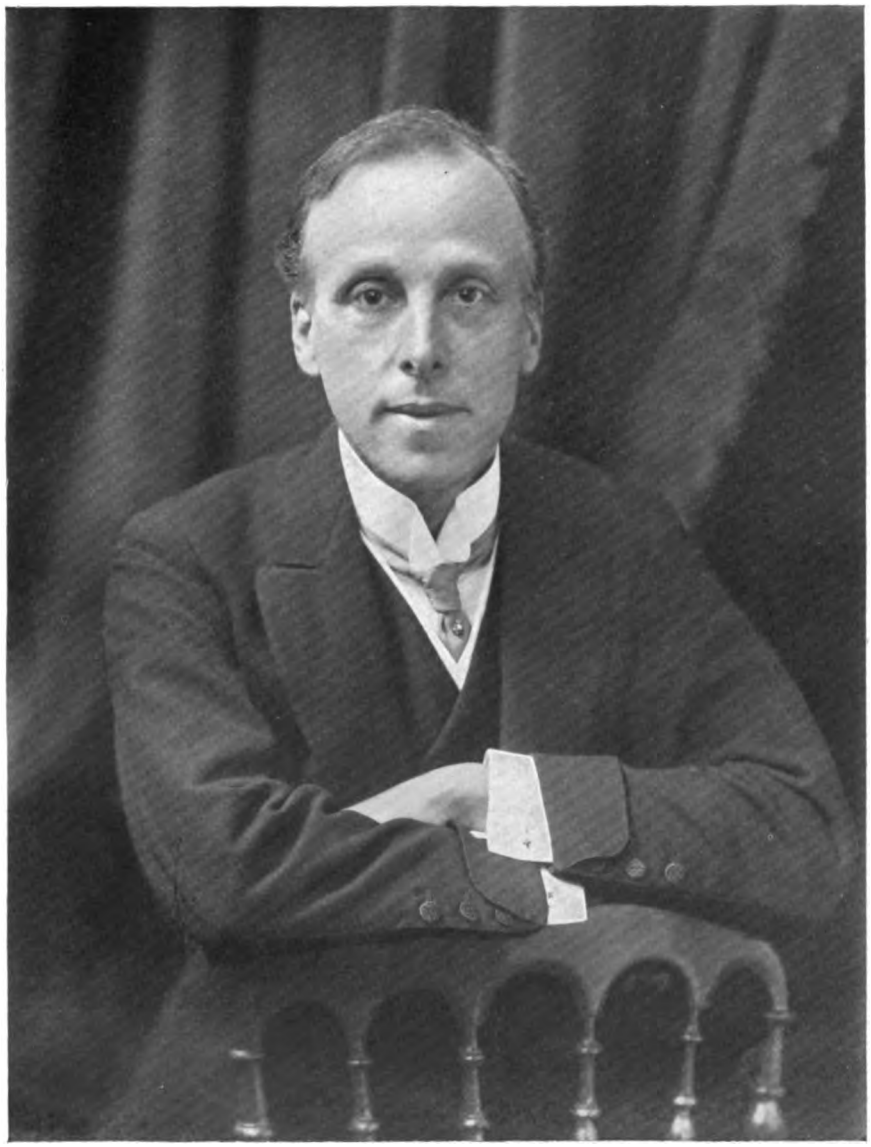

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ALAN MACKINNON

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A MASQUE OF LIFE

Chorus

Time	Mr. ALAN MACKINNON
The Questioner	The Countess of LATHOM
Memory	Miss LORN MACNAUGHTAN

The First Vision

The Arch-Druid	Mr. A. J. TASSELL
The Sickle-bearer	Mr. ALAN PRENTICE
The Herb-bearer Druids	Mr. G. H. BRYANT
The Fire-bearer	Mr. T. MACKIE
A Briton	Mr. GILBERT OGILVY
The Mother	The Lady ROSALIND NORTHCOTE
The Maid	Miss NELL TOLLER
The Youth	The Hon. STEPHEN POWYS
Druids	Mr. S. A. P. KITCAT Mr. C. L. LANE Mr. R. F. LAWSON
Britons	Mrs. R. HOWELL Mrs. ERNEST MARTIN Mrs. USHER Mrs. R. F. WALKER Miss ELLA GREENHOW

The Months

Master DAVID LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH
Master JOHN MAUDE
Master NOEL PICKARD
Miss ESTHER BOYD-BREDON
Miss EDITH GAIRDNER
Miss HOLFORD
Miss ILEENE LAZENBY

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The Months—continued

Master JOHN PURCELL-FITZGERALD
Master EDWARD PURCELL-FITZGERALD
Master AUBREY WOLTON
Master AIRD

Miss EILEEN PICKARD
Miss RUTH SHIPWAY
Miss HOPE SHIPWAY
Miss FAITH SHIPWAY
Miss BERTHA SPEIR
Miss JOAN SPEIR
Miss DULCIE STAVELEY
Miss PETRONELLA STORRS
Miss MURIEL LAWSON-JOHNSTON

"DANCE OF JULY" . Miss BETTY SPOTTISWOODE

The Second Vision

Edwy	Captain A. KENNARD
Gytha (his Mother)	The Hon. ETHEL CADOGAN
Aldgyth (his Grandmother)	Miss M. PONSONBY
The Lord of Belforest	Major PONSONBY
Isobel (his Daughter)	Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL
Sir Huon of Beaulieu	Mr. G. SMITH WRIGHT
A Royal Messenger	Mr. R. McQUEEN
Normans	Mr. RENNELL COLERIDGE Mr. JOHN H. B. FLETCHER Mr. VESEY FITZGERALD Mr. C. G. H. MacGILL Mr. E. J. MARSH
Saxons	Mr. H. H. HARCOURT-SMITH Mr. ERIC HOFFGAARD Miss GAME Miss J. GAME Miss JOYCE GAME Miss CAREW HUNT

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The Third Vision

The Lord of Belforest	Lieut.-Colonel NEWNHAM-DAVIS
Armorel (his Son by his first Wife)	Mr. HUGH BRODIE
Bertram (his Son by his second Wife)	Mr. HAROLD WHITAKER
Lilian (betrothed to Armorel)	Mrs. CHARLES CRUTCHLEY
Barbara (betrothed to Bertram)	Mrs. HAROLD WHITAKER
Amyas (a Man-at-Arms)	Mr. ARTHUR ERSKINE
An Esquire	Mr. C. L. LANE
The Carver	Mr. FAIRLIE CUNINGHAM
The Butler	Mr. SINCLAIR BUCHANAN
Serving-men	Mr. NEWTON BRABY Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS Mr. J. R. WIGLEY

The Decades

1470	*Countess of Richmond*	The Hon. Mrs. HOLFORD
	Page	Master PAT SMITH
1480	*Ann of Gloster*	Mrs. CUNINGHAME OF CRAIGENDS
	Page	Miss MURIEL McCLURE
1490	*Elizabeth of York*	The Viscountess GAGE
	Page	The Hon. IRENE GAGE
1500	*Margaret of Scotland*	Mrs. ARTHUR LEVESON
	Page	The Lady CLIFTON
1510	*Katharine of Arragon*	Mrs. KENNETH FOSTER
	Page	Miss ALICE LAWFORD
1520	*Ann Boleyn*	Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH
	Page	Master JOHN FITZGERALD
1530	*Jane Seymour*	Miss LEITH
	Page	Master EDWARD FITZGERALD
1540	*Jane Grey*	The Marchioness of DONEGALL
	Page	Master BOBBIE CHICHESTER
1550	*Mary Tudor*	Miss MABEL LOWTHER
	Page	Master AUBREY WOLTON
1560	*Mary Stuart*	The Lady BORTHWICK
	Page	Master ROBERT SETON
	The Muse of History	Mrs. J. R. RITCHIE

"THE MUSE'S SONG." *Specially composed by* Mr. CHARLES SCOTT GATTY

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The Fourth Vision

Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. ARTHUR JAMES
Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester	Mr. MAX DALISON
Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex	Captain ROBERT MARSHALL
Sir Walter Raleigh	Lieut.-Colonel FLETCHER
Captain John Smith	Captain JEFFCOCK
The Princess Pocahontas	Miss OLAVE CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM
A Singing Maid	Miss NANCY McINTOSH
The Master of Revels	Mr. N. S. REYNTIENS
Lord Chamberlain	Colonel SHUTTLEWORTH
Indian Maids	Miss HERSEY MALTBY Miss DORA CRITCHETT Miss CONSTANCE LAWFORD
A Jester	Mr. MALCOLM ELLES
Body Guard	Colonel Viscount MAITLAND Colonel KENYON MITFORD Colonel ALWYN PAGET Lieut.-Colonel HORNSBY DRAKE Lieut.-Colonel MARSDIN NEWTON Major J. MACRAE GILSTRAP Captain The Hon. IVAN CAMPBELL
Courtiers	Captain HOLFORD Mr. R. N. ABADIE
Mistress of the Robes	Mrs. LESTOCK L. LEARMONTH
Maids of Honour, Courtiers, etc.	The Lady ALICE WILLOUGHBY The Hon. Mrs. FIELDEN The Hon. CATHERINE CARY The Hon. MARY CARY The Hon. RACHEL DE MONTMORENCY The Hon. KATHLEEN DE MONTMORENCY Mrs. MILLER Mrs. ANTHONY WHITE Miss NADINE BEAUCHAMP Miss CHALONER Miss ELLA HORNSBY DRAKE Miss FLETCHER OF SALTOUN Miss GRINNELL-MILNE Miss EVELYN KEPPEL Miss EGERTON-LEIGH

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The Fourth Vision—continued

Maids of Honour, Courtiers, etc.	Miss LETTICE PELHAM-CLINTON Miss VIOLET PORTMAN Miss ALIX RÜFFER Miss MURIEL RUSSELL Miss DINAH TENNANT Miss FRANCES TENNANT

Yeomen of the Guard

INDIAN DANCE. *Specially composed by* Mr. LOUIS H. D'EGVILLE

"THE MAYING SONG" and "THE KING'S RETURN" — *Specially composed by* Mr. ALLEN K. BLACKALL

Cavalier . . . . . The Hon. STUART BOUVERIE

The Fifth Vision

Lord Fairwood	Mr. LEO TREVOR
Lady Fairwood	Lady YOUNG
Diana } *their Daughters*	The Hon. Mrs. AILWYN FELLOWES
Eleanor } *their Daughters*	Miss MARY MONTAGU
Sir Charles Belairs	Sir HUBERT MILLER
Sir Harry Dearlove	Mr. ROBERT McQUEEN
Monsieur Friseur	Mr. W. G. ELLIOT
Herr Schneider	Mr. GERALD MAXWELL
Signor Rosini	Mr. LOUIS H. D'EGVILLE
Dickon	Mr. CLARKE JERVOISE
Attendant	The Hon. R. FELLOWES

The Sixth Vision

Lord Fairwood	Mr. RALPH ALDERSON
Lady Fairwood	The Lady ALINGTON
The Hon. John Smith (their Son)	Don PEDRO DE ZULUETA
Lady Coningsby	The Viscountess MAITLAND
Lady Belairs	Mrs. ALEXANDER ALSTON
Belinda (her Daughter)	The Lady SUSAN YORKE
A Major-Domo	Mr. GEOFFREY BOWLES

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The Minuet

The Viscountess MAITLAND Major CRUIKSHANK
The Countess of ROTHES Mr. ERIC MITCHELL
The Viscountess MASSEREENE AND FERRARD Mr. STEEL
The Hon. Mrs. LESLIE-MELVILLE
Lady BLOIS Mr. KINGSMILL
Lady ELLIOT Mr. ERNEST HELME
Lady BUCHANAN JARDINE Captain KENNARD
Mrs. HARDT
Mrs. ASPINALL Mr. DONNITHORNE
Mrs. KENNARD Colonel SCOTT
Mrs. KINGSMILL
Miss LITTLE Mr. DAVSON
Miss NANCY CROKER

Masquers

The Hon. VERA BYNG
Mrs. CUTHBERT HEADLAM
Mrs. SOFER WHITBURN
Miss OLIVE ABERNETHY
Miss MARGARET BANKES
Miss GLADYS BENSON
Miss MAFRA BLOUNT
Miss MARY CLOWES
Miss K. HENDERSON
Miss LOCKWOOD
Miss MARJORIE MAITLAND
Miss MILES
Miss KATHLEEN MITCHELL
Miss BETTY PROBY
Miss ELAINE RAM
Miss IRENE RAM
Miss DE RUTZEN
Miss GWENDOLINE DE RUTZEN
Miss HOPE VERE
Miss WEDDERBURN
Miss GLADYS WHITE
Mr. R. N. ABADIE
Mr. PERCY BATTYE
Mr. GRAHAM COLMAR
Mr. C. W. DEAN
Mr. J. R. MONSELL
Mr. N. A. MORGAN
Mr. RALPH MORRISH
Mr. C. H. PAWLING
Mr. J. PHILIPS
Mr. W. HUME POLLOCK
Mr. GRANVILLE PROBY
Mr. N. S. REYNTIENS
Mr. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

EPILOGUE.

God Save The King.

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Assistant Stage Manager . . . . Mr. J. E. WIGLEY

The Dresses of the Chorus and of the Elizabethan Vision, and those of the Minuet and Masque, have been executed by Mr. B. J. SIMMONS, of King Street, Covent Garden; those of the men in the British and Norman, and all the Dresses in the Lancastrian and Queen Anne, Visions by Messrs. NATHAN, Coventry Street; the Children's from designs by Mr. MACKINNON, by Mrs. PADWICK, Lincoln Street, S.W. Others executed by Miss EDITH CRAIG, Messrs. SIMMONS, of Haymarket, and Messrs. DRURY, of Brighton.

Wigs by CLARKSON.

The Artificial Flowers have been supplied at a liberal reduction in price by the WATERCRESS GIRLS' MISSION OF CLERKENWELL.

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A MASQUE OF LIFE

BOOK OF THE WORDS

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A MASQUE OF LIFE

INTRODUCTION

TIME. THE QUESTIONER. MEMORY.

The SCENE *is a lovely glade in a wood, with glistening water in the distance. In the midst is a rough-hewn, primitive stone altar.*

Enter TIME, *with his hour-glass and scythe. He sees that the sands in his glass have nearly run out, and turns it. Then he sits and muses.*

Enter the QUESTIONER.

QUESTIONER. Hail, solitary dreamer in the wood!
Time. Who wakes me from my dream?
Questioner. The Questioner.
And who art thou?
Time. My name is "Time."
Questioner. I see
Thy scythe and glass. I wander o'er the earth
Looking for knowledge.
Time. Ask me what thou wilt;
Whatever may be told thee, Time will tell.
Questioner. What ground is this?
Time. The sacred ground of England.
Questioner. Why sacred?
Time. For the love its children bear it;
For all the blood its sons have shed for it;
For deeds heroic, and for words divine.
Questioner. These words and deeds; who spake them? or who did them?
Time. All! Any! Choose what name thou wilt, and trace
The tribe who bore it through the centuries—
Their story is the tale of England's greatness.
Questioner [*eagerly*]. This would I see. Show me this quickly!
Time. Nay;
All is so dim; Time hath no record. Yet
I'll call a sprite to help thee.
Questioner. Name him.
Time [*calling*]. Ho!
Brother of dreams, and sometimes child of fancy,

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Ho! thou who deckest ugly things with beauty,
And makest even pain and sorrow fair,
Ho! Memory! Come hither!

Enter MEMORY, *dressed in shreds and patches.*

Memory. Here I am.
[*Moving restlessly to and fro in a sort of mad dance.*
I lie hidden
Deep in the crannies of the brain.
I come unbidden;
But seek to hold me and I'm gone again!
I pick up this, I pick up that,
Here worthless rags, and there a jewel;
No man may know what I am at:
I can be kind, I can be cruel.
I torture prisoners with a show
Of freedom lost long years ago;
I comfort age with dreams of youth,
I chasten joy with ancient sorrow;
I put new vestments over truth,
I beg, I steal, I buy, I borrow.
If long ago,
A wretched wight has told a lie,
Or said a thing he'd better not,
Be sure I'll find him by-and-by,
And toss him sleepless to and fro,
And bring to mind, with many a sting
And many a jerk, the wretched thing,
And make him hot.
But yet, to set the balance right,
If, over-night,
You think some great and glorious thought,
So priceless it may not be bought:—
A pearl of wisdom and of wit;
And, heedless of all previous warning,
You say you'll safely garner it
Next morning:—
When morning comes, the thought
Is nought!
'Tis gone!
Flown!
Cannot be caught!
You curse your tricky memory,
And go distraught!
[*He suddenly turns on his heel and stops before the* QUESTIONER *and* TIME.

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Now, quickly speak!
Why have you summoned *me?*
What do you seek?

Questioner [*pointing to* TIME]. This ancient sire of sad and sunny hours
Saith every English family hath wrought
Towards England's greatness.

Memory. True enough.

Questioner. He saith
Whatever name I choose, thou'lt prove it.

Memory. Choose.
Whisper the name. [*The* QUESTIONER *whispers in* MEMORY'S *ear.*

Questioner. The first I think of.

Memory [*laughing out loud*]. Ha!
That name sits firm in English memory!
Stand ye apart, and watch!

Questioner. I seem to feel
The years, the centuries, slip back; and, lo!
I stand in England at the dawn of time!

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The First Vision

THE ARCH-DRUID.		A BRITON.
THE SICKLE-BEARER	*Druids.*	THE MOTHER.
THE HERB-BEARER		THE MAID.
THE FIRE-BEARER		THE YOUTH.

From a distance enter a procession of DRUIDS: *an* ARCH-DRUID, *the* SICKLE-BEARER, *the* FIRE-BEARER, *with a flaming torch, and one bearing mistletoe and sweet herbs.*

QUESTIONER. But what are these?

Time. Priests of the ancient Gods.
Silence, and watch! And see the name you chose
Rise out of nothing, for a deed well done.

Arch-Druid. My brothers, the gods are angered.

Sickle-bearer. Wherever we turn, the omens are against us.

Herb-bearer. Men say the new God is stronger than ours.

Fire-bearer. They speak of Him as of a God of love!

Arch-Druid. The gods have nought to do with love. They live to avenge. We have been too merciful. We have forgot our duty; we must appease them with a blood-offering.

Sickle-bearer. Here! and to-day!

All. Now! Now!

Meanwhile a BRITON, *clad in skins, bearing a flint hatchet, and bending under a heavy burden of wood, comes slowly across the scene. He is an old man.*

Arch-Druid. Thou—wood-gatherer! Hither!

[*The* BRITON *casts his burden and his hatchet aside, and approaches with every symptom of terror. He grovels at the* ARCH-DRUID'S *feet.*

Briton. Holy men, what is your will with me?

Arch-Druid. Thou hast a daughter.

Briton. Ay, truly. She hath seen the snows melt but [*holding up the fingers of both hands*] ten times, [*holding up one hand*] and five times, [*holding up one finger*] and once.

Arch-Druid. The gods are angered.

Briton. When are they not? Though I do all I can. When I strike a boar or a deer, I give them the tusks and the antlers and hooves.

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Arch-Druid. Are tusks and antlers and hooves gifts for the gods? Nay. But we will do thee great honour. To-day thy daughter shall fill the mead-cup in heaven.

Briton [*with horror*]. Would you slay the maid?

Arch-Druid. 'Tis not slaying her. I tell thee she shall go hence to sit among the stars.

Briton. Lords of life and death, it must be as you bid; but her mother will grieve—she is but a foolish woman.

Arch-Druid. Bring the maid hither, decked for the bridal.

Briton. A tearful bridal! Well! Make her understand. 'Tis too hard for me.

[*He picks up his hatchet and goes out, dragging the wood after him. With his arm he brushes tears from his face.*

Arch-Druid. Make ready the altar! [*The other Druids do as he commands.*] Kindle the sacred fire. Bring sacred herbs, whose savour is sweet in the nostrils. Deck your brows with wreaths of sacred oak. [*These the* HERB-BEARER *has brought, and now distributes.*] Now encircle the altar with sacred runes.

[*They pace slowly round the altar, chanting in monotone.*

Gods of Britain, who compel
Storms before your mighty spell,—
Don, great mother of the world,
At whose feet the stars are hurled;
Gwydión, who gav'st an eye
In exchange for subtlety;
Dwynwen, goddess of delight;
Ludd, who laughest in the fight;
Gods of heaven and hell, draw near;
Hear our crying! Hear us! Hear!

[*They stop, and watch the smoke rising from the altar.*

Herb-bearer. Still the smoke is wafted to the evil side.

Fire-bearer. It bodes no favour.

Sickle-bearer. The gods avert their faces.

Arch-Druid. Cry louder with me! Cry louder.

[*They move faster about the altar.*

Beli, ancient of the sky;
Bran, the lord of minstrelsy;
Arianrod, who tossed in play
O'er the heavens the Milky Way;
Glittering sun-god, glorious Lleu,
Daily dead and born anew;
Llyr, who rulest o'er the sea—
Gods that are, or are to, be—
Gods of heaven and hell, draw near!
Hear our crying! Hear us! Hear! [*Again they stop.*

Fire-bearer. Woe upon us! The fire scarce burns!

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Herb-bearer. Hither comes the maid. [*To* ARCH-DRUID.] Father of wisdom, give the high gods the blood they crave.

Arch-Druid. Is the sickle sharp?

Sickle-bearer [*handing it to him*]. It would split a hair lengthways.

Enter the BRITON, *the* MOTHER, *and the* MAID. *The latter is clad in white skins, and is covered with wreaths of wild flowers. The* MOTHER *is in great distress.*

The Mother [*to the* BRITON]. Father—Breadgiver—to what bridal is the maid led?

Briton. Peace, woman! And follow!

The Maid. Mother, where the father leads, all must be well.

Arch-Druid [*to the* MAID]. Hither, chosen of the gods. Thy bridegroom waits.

The Maid. Where is he, then? I see no sign of him [*laughing*]; for 'tis none of these greybeards.

Arch-Druid. Thou shalt see him soon, glittering in heaven.

The Maid [*laughing*]. Nay, nay; my lover is no god.

Arch-Druid. What! Hast thou a mortal lover?

The Maid. Ay, truly. Every day he cometh from across the water. I have never spoken with him; but all night he watcheth, silently. And at dawn there is ever a gift for me in the dewy grass; flowers, or fruits, or a pair of doves, or a song-bird, caged, for me to set free.

Arch-Druid. The lover we lead thee to shall give thee planets for a crown, and for a necklace the stars.

[*He leads her to the altar. Meanwhile, as the* MAID *was speaking, a coracle crossed the water swiftly, and in it a mighty young Briton, with glorious fair curls falling over his shoulders. He lands; and, seeing what is toward, comes swiftly forward, unnoticed. He is armed with a heavy hammer.*

The Mother. Father! Father! They mean ill to the child.

Briton [*sullenly*]. They are the lords of life and death.

The Mother. Look, how the sickle glitters! [*She tries to drag the* MAID *away.*] Child, come to me! Come to me, lest they slay thee!

Arch-Druid [*to the* BRITON]. Silence the woman, thou! or Ludd shall smite thee with his hammer! [*The* BRITON *drags the* MOTHER *away.*

The Mother [*in agony*]. Child! Child!

Briton [*silencing her*]. Peace! Didst thou not hear? Dread the angry gods.

[*The* WOMAN *sinks on her knees, and the* BRITON *clasps her to him, with her face hidden on his breast.*

The Maid. Must I die? Father, is it thy bidding?

Briton. Not my bidding, but I dare not forbid.

The Maid [*with exaltation*]. Thou, who comest from over the water! Silent lover with the sunny hair! Where art thou?

Arch-Druid. Bare her throat! Cry to the gods!

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Other Druids [*in front of the* ARCH-DRUID *and the* MAID].

Mighty gods whom we adore,
Now be near us! Now we pour
Virgin blood upon the stone
To appease you, to atone!
Now the sickle flashes! Now
Hear us! Hear us!—

[*The* YOUTH *suddenly stands with upraised hammer behind the altar; the* DRUIDS *fall apart with a cry of horror.*

The Youth [*joyously*]. Hoyoho! What's here to-do?

Arch-Druid [*recovering himself*]. Blasphemer!

The Maid [*with a great cry of joy*]. Lo! he hath come! [*She rushes to her mother's arms.*] Mother! Mother!

The Druids. Woe! Woe!

Arch-Druid [*pointing to the* MAID]. Hale her hither!

The Youth [*calmly, resting on his hammer*]. Who will touch her?

Arch-Druid. She is the sun-god's bride!

The Youth. Then must he go wifeless; for she is mine!

Arch-Druid. Away! Ere Ludd's hammer crush thee!

The Youth [*swinging his hammer*]. Let us see whose hammer smites hardest!

Arch-Druid. Whence art thou? What is thy name?

The Youth. What is a name? I have no name!
Born in the woods, from the woods I came!
I am the Fashioner, I am the shaper;
I am the maker of weapons;
Of tools to furrow the earth;
Of swords to furrow the foe;
I am the hammerer!
I am—the smith!

Arch-Druid. Dread the sacred sickle!

The Youth [*calmly stretches his arm across the altar, and twists the sickle out of the* ARCH-DRUID'S *hand*]. What is there to dread?

[*A cry of horror from the* DRUIDS, *and from the* BRITONS. *The* MAID *looks on enraptured.*

Arch-Druid [*beside himself*]. Smite him, Gwydión! Smite him, Ludd! Blind him, sun-god! Gods! Gods of our fathers! Show a sign!

[*The* DRUIDS *move restlessly in front of the altar, as if trying, but fearing, to attack the* YOUTH. *The* BRITON *and the* MOTHER *come up shyly, impelled by curiosity. The* MAID *is drawn to the* YOUTH, *until she ultimately stands by his side. Meanwhile, the* YOUTH *has thrust the sickle into the fire, and, above the groans and cries of the* DRUIDS, *his voice is heard, speaking the following with tremendous emphasis, while he beats the sickle with his hammer.*

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The Youth. Hi! You clamour for a sign!
Ho! I'll show you one of mine!
Token of a God benign!

Ha! The sickle shall unbend,
For your priesthood's at an end;
Now I bring you God the Friend!

Down with Gwydion and Ludd!
Now no longer shall ye flood
Altars vile with human blood!

Sickle in the fire I toss,
Beat it straight, and clean of dross!
Ours the gain, and yours the loss!

[*He holds the sickle, now a sword, aloft.*

Lo! the sword!

[*He tosses it into the air, catches it by the blade, and holds it, cross-handle upwards.*

And lo! the cross!

[*With the cross held high in his right hand, and his left arm round the* MAID'S *waist, he leads her off joyously, followed by the* BRITON *and the* MOTHER, *with gestures of adoration.*

[*The Druids draw their cloaks across their faces, and go out wailing in the opposite direction.*

Questioner. O Memory, I thank thee! Thus were laid
The old beginnings of a mighty name!
What next? What next?

Memory. Do give me time to think!
I am not learnèd, I am not wise,
My mind is ever enwrapped in mist;
I flit to the flower that catches my eyes,
And leave a fairer flower unkissed.
Do *not* ask me
To give all England's history!

Time. Thou feckless child, take time, and ponder well!

Enter the CHARIOT OF THE SEASONS, *laden with fruit and flowers, amongst which are Roman arms, and strange weapons.*

Questioner. Why, what comes now?

Time. The Chariot of the Seasons;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Lo, it comes
Laden with centuries!

Questioner. Look, Roman eagles!
And uncouth weapons such as Vikings bore!

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Memory [*suddenly aroused*]. Ha! The Roman came,
With fire and flame!
And then the Dane:
Lothbroc, Ingvar, Ubba, and Sweyn!
King Canute,
Angle, and Jute,
Pict and Scot,
And heaven knows what!
Till, at the last, from oversea,
Came stormy William of Normandy!
And Rufus followed, and Henry him!—
Now all grows dim—
But still I trace
The smith you saw, and his sturdy race;
I hear his hammer again, I hear
His youngest scion, the armourer!

[*The* CHARIOT OF THE SEASONS *has passed. Now a young* SAXON *is seated at a small anvil working at a coat of mail.*

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The Second Vision

EDWY.
GYTHA, *his Mother.*
ALDGYTH, *his Grandmother.*
THE LORD OF BELFOREST.
ISOBEL, *his Daughter.*
SIR HUON OF BEAULIEU.
A MESSENGER.
NORMANS *and* SAXONS.

EDWY *is working for dear life. Enter* GYTHA.

YTHA. Son, the porridge is cooling.

Edwy. Ay, mother, anon.

Gytha. What is the glittering thing thou fashionest?

Edwy [*confused*]. Why, naught. A toy.

Gytha [*touching it; with alarm*]. Edwy! 'Tis a coat of mail!

Edwy [*laughing*]. Sharp eyes hast thou, Mother!

Gytha [*suspiciously*]. What wouldst *thou* with a coat of mail? I have had thee taught in tilth and husbandry.

Edwy. Thou hast nigh made a girl of me; I must make a man of myself.

Gytha. Thou wilt not go to battle! The Saints be praised, the land is at peace. Red William is dead and the gentle Henry crowned!

Edwy [*angrily*]. But I, the son of an English freeman, beyond memory of man, am not gentle.

Gytha [*indicating the coat of mail*]. Will this win thee gentlehood?

Edwy. It shall help.

Gytha. Alack! This is thy grandam's doing! She is ever at thee, with her tales of old days!

Edwy. Ay, of the Norman landing—would I had been there! Of my grandsire's death at Norman hands! Of my father's bondage——

Gytha. But thou dost not hate the Normans.

Edwy. I hate unfreedom.

Gytha [*with meaning*]. Thou dost not hate our overlord.

Edwy [*avoiding her gaze*]. Shouldst thou, the wife of Cedric, bow to an overlord? Should I, his son? Were we not lords of the land, forgotten ages ere these marauders came?

Gytha. Can we shape our fate? The Lord of Belforest holds us.

Edwy. By this and by that, he holds not me!

Gytha. Thee tighter than any.

Edwy. Ha! By what power?

Gytha. By a thread—by a chain—by a maiden's hair!

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Edwy [*startled*]. Mother!

Gytha [*laughing*]. Have I no eyes? Thou lovest his daughter, the Lady Isobel.

Edwy. Ay, then, I love her. And her father gives her to that bullying braggart, Sir Huon of Beaulieu!

Gytha. And therefore this coat of mail? Wilt thou measure thyself against Sir Huon? A stripling against a proven warrior?

Edwy. David against Goliath!

Gytha. I thank heaven the Normans left us no weapons. Thou canst not fight him; thou hast no sword.

Edwy. As I fashioned this mail, I will fashion a blade.

[*Meanwhile*, ALDGYTH *has entered. She is an impressive figure of old age. Upright, with flashing eyes; her long grey hair streaming down to her knees. She is clad in grey, and is wrapped in a grey cloak. She leans on a tall staff.*

Aldgyth. When cometh need, the sword will be found.

Gytha. Mother of Cedric, urge not Cedric's son to his undoing!

Edwy. Mother of my father, what mean thy words?

Aldgyth. The sword lieth waiting. Thy father's father, my husband, fell at Harold's side at Senlac. In the night I sought him among the dead. I heard his voice making moan. I knelt at his side. "The sword," he whispered, "take the sword and cherish it for my son, and for my son's son. The sword with the runes no man can read, graven upon it. It was shaped in the dawn of the world. Ah, take it!—Farewell!" And so his great heart brast, and he was dead. But the sword awaiteth the need.

Edwy. Now is the need!

Aldgyth. Not yet!—Not yet! [*She moves away, and sits brooding.*

Gytha. The Lord of Belforest!—[*Anxiously*]. Oh, Edwy!

Edwy. Peace, Mother.

[*He goes back to his work.* GYTHA *goes to* ALDGYTH *and sits at her feet.* ENTER *the* LORD OF BELFOREST *and* ISOBEL.

Belforest [*angrily*]. Par les yieux du diable! Thou shalt wed where I bid thee!

Isobel [*merrily*]. Par les yieux du ciel! I'll wed where I love!

Belforest. Perverse—stubborn—hot-headed—wrong-headed!

Isobel [*demurely*]. Always my mother said I was thy very image.

Belforest [*blustering*]. Thy mother——! There was a woman! When they bade her wed me, she wed me, and there an end!

Isobel. Perhaps she loved thee?

Belforest. Perhaps——! To be sure she did! And I loved her. Would I have wed her an I had not loved her?

Isobel [*laughing*]. My words, father!

Belforest. Thy words! What right hast thou to words? A man weds where he loves. A maid loves where she weds!

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Enter SIR HUON OF BEAULIEU, *a gigantic and terrible creature, armed cap-à-pie. He is followed by a posse of* NORMANS. *From the opposite side enter a small crowd of* SAXONS.

Sir Huon. Well met, fair lady, and noble lord.
Belforest. Well met, Sir Huon of Beaulieu.
Huon. I am here for my answer, my Lord.
Belforest [*to* ISOBEL]. Speak, girl.
Isobel [*pointing to* EDWY]. We are not alone, Sir.
Huon [*contemptuously*]. That Saxon hind—! He is nought!

[GYTHA *springs to her feet.*

Edwy [*to her, calmly*]. Peace! Peace!
Huon [*to* ISOBEL]. Your answer.
Isobel [*inconsequently*]. I would first know what that youth fashioneth.

[*She crosses to* EDWY.

Huon [*protesting*]. But!——
Belforest [*to him*]. Humours and whimsies! I told you.
Isobel [*to* EDWY]. What art thou hammering so hard?
Edwy. I am hammering my heart into my work.
Huon. Lady Isobel, the thing is a tinker, a blacksmith! Come away.
Belforest. Who art thou?
Edwy [*rising to his full height, and speaking very courteously but very proudly*]. I am Edwy, the son of Cedric, the son of Alstan, the son of Edmund, the son of Aldhelm—shall we go farther back?
Belforest. What art thou making?
Edwy. My bridal robe.
Belforest. Ho, ho! Wilt thou be married in armour?
Edwy [*with a fierce glance at* SIR HUON]. It will be needful, belike.
Belforest. Whom art thou to wed?
Edwy. Thy daughter.

[BELFOREST *is staggered by the answer.* HUON *strides forward.*

Huon. Knave! Wilt thou jest at this lady?
Edwy [*calmly*]. Two men will I slay: him who jests at this lady and him who calls me a knave.
Belforest [*recovering himself*]. Dog! I'll have thee whipped.
Isobel [*going to* EDWY]. Oh, father, thou art not like to have him whipped who is to be my husband.
Belforest [*speechless*]. How—how—Sir Huon!
Huon [*drawing his sword*]. Thou art a dead man!
Edwy. Not yet. Now, grandam, the sword!
Aldgyth [*producing the sword of the previous* VISION *from under her cloak*]. Here it is, child Edwy!
Normans. Ha-roo! Ha-roo!
Saxons. A fight! Clear the field! And no favour!
Gytha [*clinging to* EDWY]. My son, my son!

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Edwy [*gently handing* GYTHA *to* ALDGYTH]. Make room, mother.
Isobel. Edwy! He is clad in mail.
Edwy. But I am clad in thy love!
Belforest. Come, daughter.
Huon [*laughingly*]. The funeral shall be at my charges.
Edwy. Whose funeral, braggart?

[*The* NORMANS *and* SAXONS *make a great semicircle, at one end of which is* GYTHA, *leaning on* ALDGYTH, *and at the other* ISOBEL, *sheltering in her father's arms.* HUON *and* EDWY *set to, watched by the bystanders with increasing excitement. Finally,* HUON *loses his temper, attacks* EDWY *viciously, slips on the grass, falls, and loses his sword.* EDWY *stands over him. Groans from the* NORMANS: *a shout of triumph from the delighted* SAXONS.

Edwy. What shall I do with him?
Belforest. His life is forfeit.
Edwy. Rise, Sir Huon. [*Picks up his sword and hands it to him very courteously.*] I hope some day we shall fight side by side, for England. [*Cheers.*
Huon. Boy, give me thy hand! [HUON *retires.*
Edwy [*to* BELFOREST]. When shall I wed your daughter, sir?
Belforest. Thou art brave, thou art skilful, thou art generous, but thou art a Saxon. When did Norman and Saxon wed?

[*A* MESSENGER *thrusts his way through the crowd, and kneels to* BELFOREST.

Messenger. News! News, my lord!
Belforest. What news?
Messenger. King Henry summons thee to his espousals.
Belforest. Whom doth he wed?
Messenger. Maud, the daughter of Malcolm of Scotland.
Belforest [*taken aback*]. A Saxon!
All [*with varying expression*]. A Saxon!
Aldgyth [*striding to the centre*]. A Saxon of the Saxons! For Edmund Ironsides was her grandfather!
Edwy. So Norman and Saxon wed, my lord!
Belforest. I have no more to say!
Gytha [*holding out her arms*]. Daughter! [ISOBEL *rushes to* GYTHA.
Belforest. Thou shalt to Court, lad, and kneel to the king, and be dubbed Knight—Sir Armourer!
Aldgyth. Thus Norman and Saxon shall be one people, and win the world for a birthright!

[*Great shouting and clashing of arms. A procession is formed. The* NORMANS *and* SAXONS *lift* EDWY *and* ISOBEL *on their shields and carry them out in triumph.* BELFOREST *and* GYTHA, HUON *and* ALDGYTH, *follow hand in hand; then the* NORMANS *and* SAXONS *dance out arm in arm, with laughter and jollity.*

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Time. Time flies, the Norman passes, and is merged
Into the teeming whole, till Norman, Dane,
Saxon and Jute and Kelt, are one great folk.

Memory [*making quaint obeisance to the* QUESTIONER].
Fair Questioner, what next
Shall be my text?
Whither on gossamer wing
Thy fancy shall I fling?

Questioner [*brooding*].
I heard sad runes of wild and woful days,
Of houses riven in twain, of sundered kin,
Of brothers leaping at each other's throats,
When fratricide went ravening through the land,
And England's Rose, rent from its parent stem,
Reddened with blood, and blanched with pallid hate!
In those bad days how fared the far-off sons
Of Isobel and Edwy? Show me that!

Memory [*to* TIME].
Ho, Father, turn thy glass,
Let the years pass!
Echoes of battle beat against mine ear:—
The shrieking arrow, and the hurtling spear!
Lo! they of Belforest stand forth to show
Loyalty, treason, envy, hate, and woe!

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The Third Vision

THE LORD OF BELFOREST.
ARMOREL, *his son by his first wife.*
BERTRAM, *his son by his second wife.*
LILIAN, *affianced to* ARMOREL.
BARBARA, *affianced to* BERTRAM.
AMYAS, *a Man-at-Arms.*
THE LEECH.
SERVANTS.
THE CARVER.
THE BUTLER.

A rough table has been brought, laid with a frugal meal, and great black-jacks and leather cups. A few oaken stools are placed round it.

Enter THE LORD OF BELFOREST, BERTRAM *and* BARBARA.

ELFOREST. Come, son Bertram! Come, cousin Barbara! Whether the red rose be up, or the white, we must eat. Look, I've had the table spread in the pleasaunce!

Barbara. Where's cousin Lilian, my Lord?

Belforest. She's minded to fast for Armorel his death. [*They sit. The* CARVER *carves a huge joint at one end of the table. The* BUTLER *fills their cups.*

Bertram. So will not I! To't, Carver!

Barbara [*laughing*]. Thou'rt an unbrotherly brother, Bertram!

Bertram [*surlily*]. A was never no brother o' mine.

Belforest [*laughing*]. What, rogue? Was not I his father?

Bertram. Not the same mother bare us. He and I was ever at odds. What was white for him, was red for me.

Belforest. And for me, too, for that matter. My eldest a was, by years; but thy mother was dearer to me than his. Then he must needs fight for the white rose, while the rest of us was for the red.

Bertram. Queen Margaret hath made an end of him. God rest him.

[*Meanwhile* LILIAN *has come, slowly and mournfully.*

Belforest. Look where pale Lilian cometh!

Bertram. A trouble-feast!

Belforest. What, Lilian? Hast thou dried thy tears at last?

Lilian. I have not wept yet, nor ever shall. Think ye my heart's sorrow can be washed away with tears?

Belforest. Well, sit, sit.

Lilian. Or think ye I will sit at meat with those who ever hated my Armorel?

Belforest. Why, girl, wilt thou starve thyself out o' mere spite?

Lilian. The bitter bread of sorrow will I eat all the days of my life—since live I must; and I will get me to a nunnery, and wear out my knees in prayer that God may soften your hard hearts.

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Bertram. Come not hither, then, to mar our mirth with thy moanings.

Belforest. Nay, let be. Thou hast no cause to hate her now. Thou art heir of Belforest. Thy bride sits at thy side. Anon the bells shall jangle for your wedding.

Lilian. They are still a-quiver for Armorel's death. [*She moves to go.*

Belforest [*to* BERTRAM]. Why, even Armorel's name cometh to thee now.

[LILIAN *stops short, to listen.*

Bertram. What! must I, then, no longer be called Bertram?

Belforest. Nay, but Armorel. We of Belforest have been Armorel from father to son time out of mind, since the Saxon Armourer won the Norman Belforest's daughter with his sword-play. And when the elder son dies, the younger takes the name.

Bertram. Ha! Barbara! Pledge thine Armorel!

Lilian. Thou, Armorel? Thou, Black Bertram, bedizen thyself with that shining name?

Bertram [*furious*]. Girl!

Belforest [*pacifying him*]. Peace!

Lilian. When my lover bore it, it was a trumpet-call summoning to battle. Set upon thee, it shall be a byword of infamy.

Belforest [*to* BERTRAM *and* BARBARA, *who angrily rise*]. She is distraught.

Lilian. Ay—what matter who beareth the name, since Armorel is dead?

Barbara [*to* BUTLER, *holding out her cup*]. Ho, knave, fill high! [*Indicating* BERTRAM.] Here's to the living Armorel!

[*But meanwhile* ARMOREL *has entered unperceived. He is sorely wounded, and can scarce drag himself along. Yet, as he sinks exhausted on a stool, he can still laugh as he exclaims—*

Armorel. I thank thee, coz!

All [*with different emotions*]. Armorel!

Lilian [*rushes to him and sinks on her knees by his side, with a great cry of joy*]. Alive!

Armorel. Barely! Ah, sweetheart, sweetheart! [*He tries to embrace her, but the pain is too great; and when she touches him he starts back in agony*]. Nay! I pray thee!

Lilian. He is hurt! [*To* BELFOREST]. My lord! He is hurt to the death!

Armorel [*to* BERTRAM, *who is looking on with fierce hatred*]. Make no such long face, brother: I'll not rob thee of thy heritage! I am only here for farewell. [*With a laugh*]. Thou shalt have the name presently, for, faith! I am summoned where 'twill be of little use to me!

Belforest [*handing him a cup*]. Here, boy, drink.

Armorel [*taking the cup*]. Ay—father, we've not been such good friends hitherto. Let's make the most of these last minutes.

Lilian. For pity's sake, help him! Where art thou wounded?

Armorel. A little everywhere, sweetheart. The red rose hath many thorns, and, by'r Lady, I believe every one of them sticks fast in my body.

Lilian. Is there no leech within hail?

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Belforest. Ay, sure! The chaplain. Bide here. I'll fetch Father Simon. [*Exit.*

Barbara [*hypocritically*]. His wounds must be bandaged. Lilian, thou art the housewife, wilt thou not fetch ——?

Lilian. Well thought of! Oh, Barbara, I unsay those hateful words!

Barbara. Ay—ay—no matter. Speed! Speed!

Armorel [*faintly*]. Lilian—

Lilian. Courage, my Armorel, courage!

Armorel [*trying to hold her hand*]. Leave me not, sweet sweeting, ere I leave thee!

Lilian. Nay, but thou shalt abide with me for ever! [*Exit.*

Barbara [*looking after her*]. So—a clear field!

Bertram [*to* ARMOREL, *who has sunk across the table*]. Here—wet thy lips! [*Insisting.*] I say drink!—[*he touches him*]—Armorel!—[*eagerly*] Barbara!

Barbara [*turning to him*]. Ay?

Bertram. He is dead!

Barbara [*with fierce joy*]. What!—Touch his heart!

Bertram [*gloomily*]. Nay,—'tis but a swoon. Quick! Water!

Barbara [*not moving*]. Why?

Bertram [*amazed*]. To bring him to life! [*Looking up.*] To bring him—[*with horror*]—Barbara! What is in thy mind?

Barbara [*gazing at him fixedly*]. Bertram—what is in thine?

Bertram. Woman! Death gazeth out of thine eyes!

Barbara [*incisively*]. A moment ago thou wast Armorel, the heir. Now, while he is in the death-swoon, thou art Armorel, the heir. But take water, give him to drink; and what art thou? [*With a gesture of contempt.*] Nothing. Bertram. The younger son.

Bertram [*close to her*]. Look! He stirs!

Barbara [*giving him a dagger*]. Take this.

Bertram [*avoiding it*]. Murder?

Barbara [*fiercely*]. Who shall know? He is riddled with wounds. Which wound did he die of? Who shall say? [*Forcing the dagger into his hand.*] Take it! Take it!

Bertram. My hand trembles—the earth shakes under my feet—the very heavens quiver—

Barbara. Strike! Strike!

[*Just as* BERTRAM *is about to plunge the dagger in* ARMOREL'S *heart,* LILIAN, *who has entered unnoticed, rushes up and catches his hand.*

Lilian [*with a great cry*]. Hold!

Barbara [*wildly*]. Ha! Slay her first, lest she betray us!

[*Meanwhile* ARMOREL *has recovered. He tries to move, but is helpless. He can only look on with horror.*

Lilian [*struggling for the knife*]. Ay! Slay me, if thou wilt! But him thou shalt not slay!

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Armorel. I cannot stir!—Lilian, let him go! He will do thee a hurt! Let him slay me! Lilian! Lilian! Ah! [*He sinks back.*

[*But some time ago an armed* RIDER *was seen tearing through the forest towards the group. Now he is upon them. He reins up sharply, crying—*

Amyas. In the King's name!

[*He dismounts.* BERTRAM *starts away from* LILIAN.

Barbara [*fiercely*]. Who art thou?

Amyas. I am here to rid the land of rebels.

Barbara [*pointing to* ARMOREL]. There is the rebel; red with the blood of loyal men!

Amyas. This? [*With joy.*] This is Armorel of Belforest, my belovèd captain. [*An* ESQUIRE *has ridden up, and takes* AMYAS'S *horse.*

Armorel. Amyas? Thou? Thy news, thy news! Is Edward taken?

[BERTRAM *and* BARBARA *listen anxiously.*

Amyas. Not so, sir! On Towton field the white rose hath routed the red. [*A cry of joy from* LILIAN *and* ARMOREL.] And Warwick hath proclaimed Edward King!

Armorel. Now heaven be praised! Oh, friend, thou pourest new life into me!

Enter BELFOREST, *and* FATHER SIMON, *a Benedictine monk.*

Belforest. Here is the leech. [SIMON *busies himself with* ARMOREL.

Bertram [*aside, to* BELFOREST]. Have a care!

Armorel [*laughing*]. No need of him now! My Amyas is the best leech ever man had! [BELFOREST, BERTRAM, *and* BARBARA *are in anxious colloquy.*

Amyas. But now, to work! I am sent hither to root out treason.

Barbara [*to* ARMOREL]. Mercy!

Bertram [*similarly*]. Armorel!

Armorel. Speak for me, Lilian.

Lilian [*to* AMYAS]. There are no traitors here, sir.

Amyas [*eyeing* BERTRAM]. Lady, how can I believe that?

Armorel. Believe it because she saith it, friend Amyas; and because thy Captain doth confirm it ——.

Amyas [*hesitating*]. But ——

Armorel [*laughing*]. Rogue! Would'st thou believe contrary to thy captain?

[AMYAS *stands undecided.*

Lilian. Oh, sir; this is Armorel's brother.

Amyas. Armorel's brother cannot be a traitor.

Lilian [*with meaning*]. Armorel's brother will never be a traitor!

Bertram [*earnestly*]. That, with heaven's help, I am willing to swear!

Barbara. And I! [FATHER SIMON *has been speaking with* BELFOREST.

Belforest. Father Simon saith a stoup of wine is the best drug for Armorel's wounds.

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Armorel. Fill high! [*To* BERTRAM.] Brother, a toast! that our good Amyas may witness thy loyalty. [ALL *take cups.*] So—God save King Edward!
All [*clashing their cups together*]. God save King Edward!
Belforest [*to* BERTRAM]. Go we within—[*meaningly*]. To pray.
Bertram. To repent.
Armorel [*leaning on* LILIAN]. To give thanks! [*Exeunt.*

Questioner. Evil, forsooth, the days! I marvel not
Thy forelock, Time, turned white to see such deeds—
Enough of tragedy!
[*To* MEMORY.] Elusive imp,
Cudgel thy brains! and show a merrier scene!
Memory [*highly offended*].
If you like not what I show,
I will show you nothing moe.

[MEMORY *is walking away with great dignity. Then, as the* QUESTIONER *pursues him, he runs, and she has much ado to catch him.* TIME *stands by, horrified.*

Questioner. What, rogue!—Ho! Seize him, Time! The treacherous imp!
I hold him by the wing!
Time [*wiping his brow*]. Phew! What a fright!
If he escaped! Heavens! I turn hot to think on't—
I should not know which day o' the week we're in,—
Whether to-day were yesterday, or what!
And History, that solemn, stately Muse,
Would shuffle all her dates as cards are shuffled!
Oh, hold him tight!
Questioner [*to* MEMORY]. I hold him safely: fear not.
Thou shalt be whipped with lilies if thou stir!
Memory [*to the* QUESTIONER]. You are fair,
[*To* TIME] and you are old,
But you cannot do without me;
When the past you would behold,
Do not vex me, then, or flout me.
[*With superb condescension*].
I forgive you. Say what more you
Wish to have me bring before you.

Questioner. Slip o'er a century and show me now
How fared the race whose birth and growth I've watched
In great Elizabeth's uproarious day!
[MEMORY *falls to thinking.*

Time. Sweet lady, while he conjures up the vision,
The Muse of History shall show the Decades
Passing in solemn rhythm; and the century
Shall seem a dream of flowers and of song.

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Enter the MUSE OF HISTORY, *with a scroll. As she sings, ten* MAIDENS, *each representing a period of ten years, dance past.*

The MUSE *sings:—*

Ope the portals of the ages,
  Set the Decades dancing by,
As I turn the glowing pages
  Of our Island-history.
Time, the healer, the forgiver,
  The Deliverer, sends the years
Flowing like a mighty river
  Now with laughter, now with tears.
    Leading England from the night,
    Onward, to the light.

First, the Printed Word discloses
  Knowledge to the startled hour;
Next, behold the hostile roses
  Joined in one—the English flow'r.
Now Columbus, seer and sailor,
  Westward steers with sails unfurled,
Heeding neither priest nor railer,
  Finds a new and vaster world.
    Bluff King Harry, strong of hand,
    Rules alone the land.

Cloistered brotherhoods are driven
  From the homes to which they clung;
And henceforth to God is given
  Worship in the common tongue.
Onward ceaselessly progressing
  Fateful Decades slowly pass,
Some with cursing, some with blessing,
  Father, Father, turn thy glass!
    Nations watch with bated breath
    Great Elizabeth.

[*In the meantime a rustic throne is placed under the tree. When the dance is finished—*

Questioner. Well? Hast thou pieced the puzzle, Memory?
Memory. Lo, the regal flag unfurled
O'er a new mysterious world.
From its confines, vast and dim,
On the earth's remotest rim,
Sailor Smith, the sea-dog, brings
Pocahontas, child of kings.

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The Fourth Vision

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
ROBERT DUDLEY, *Earl of Leycester.*
ROBERT DEVEREUX, *Earl of Essex.*
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.
THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.
A SINGING WOMAN.
THE MASTER OF THE REVELS.
COURTIERS *accompanying Queen Elizabeth.*
INDIAN MAIDS *with* POCAHONTAS.

The MASTER OF THE REVELS, *meeting the* SINGING WOMAN, *who carries a theorbo.*

MASTER. In good time! Stand here. The Queen is on her way.

Woman. What's toward?

Master. A garden frolic. Also a mariner is new landed from the plantations, and is to be brought to tell the Queen his tale.

Woman. She will hear wonders.

Master. Ay, and see them. For they say he hath brought certain of the Aboriginals with him.

Woman. Marry, I am afeard! Master William Shakespeare saith these Aboriginals are monstrous fierce. And he calls them the Anthro—Anthro——

Master. ——pophagi.

Woman. That is the word. Anthropophagi. It is a good word. But what doth it mean?

Master. That they commonly make their meals off their betters. But Will Shakespeare is a maker of plays, and therefore not to be trusted. Lo! They come! Stand apart, and be ready.

A rustic march. Enter, first, a CHAMBERLAIN; *then* LORDS *and* LADIES; *then* QUEEN ELIZABETH, *surrounded by* LEYCESTER, RALEIGH, *and* ESSEX, *each of whom is trying to attract her attention. Then young* PAGES.

Leycester [*very sentimentally*]. Fair Oriana, in this sylvan shade——

Essex [*hotly*]. My Lord of Leycester, I was in the midst of a merry tale.

Leycester [*sneeringly*]. My Lord of Essex, I wondered why the Queen looked sad.

Essex. Is she as sad as your Amy was, my Lord?

Leycester. No, faith! But sadder than your Frances will be, when she's a widow!

Elizabeth [*laughing*]. Hoity-toity, sirs! must you scold like fish-fags? [*To* SIR WALTER RALEIGH.] Walter Raleigh, give me thy hand! [*Languishingly.*] Ah, Walter!

Raleigh [*with a great sigh*]. Ah, Oriana!

Elizabeth. How fareth the Throgmorton Woman, my namesake?

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Raleigh. As one bearing your name, needs must all her farings be fair.

Elizabeth. Ever thy quips and quiddities, Walter! But where is she?

Raleigh. At Sherborne, Madam, in the West Country.

Elizabeth. Body o' me, a fair town! I must go thither, anon.

Leycester. Nay, but come to Warwick again!

Elizabeth. Nay, you could not better the revels you showed me there. And here? Is there no music?

The Master. With your leave, gracious Majesty, a Song of Welcome.

Elizabeth. Why, to't, then!

The Master [*to the* WOMAN]. Stand forth, and sing!

[ELIZABETH *sits on the rustic throne.*

The SINGING WOMAN *sings.*—

The Queen goes forth a-Maying!—
Set Lute and Viol playing,
Set all the may-bells ringing,
Set little birds a-singing!
For, soon as nature sees her,
She decks herself to please her;
The buds, their eyes unclosing,
Awake from winter dozing;
Her beauty all entrancing
Sets every brooklet dancing
And laughing, singing, saying,
The Queen goes forth a-Maying!

The Queen goes forth a-Maying!—
Their loyalty displaying,
The flow'rs arise to meet her,
The branches bend to greet her;
From every leaflet shyly
The fairy-folk peep slyly;
The woodland glade rejoices,
And with mysterious voices,
With elfin horns and drumming,
The news is sent a-humming,
How, through the forest straying,
The Queen goes forth a-Maying!

Elizabeth. I thank you, fair Mistress. [*She allows the* SINGING WOMAN *to kiss her hand; then she turns to* RALEIGH.] But, Sir Walter, methought an Aboriginal was to be shown to us.

Raleigh [*to one among the retinue*]. Hither, friend! [JOHN SMITH *steps forward, shyly. He is a weather-beaten mariner*]. This, great Queen, is my friend, John Smith.

Elizabeth. Methinks I have somewhere heard the name before.

Raleigh. He is newly from the plantations.

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Elizabeth. He is not an Aboriginal! Is he tongue-tied? Tell thy story, John!

John Smith [*awkwardly*]. I am but a plain sailor-man of Louth, your Majesty; though they do say there's a thin tincture of royal blood in my veins, being, as my father told me, cousin twice removed to the late king, your Majesty's brother, though whether that be true—

Elizabeth. Marry come up! Get forward with thy tale!

Smith. I've gone up and down the world, your Majesty, fighting your Majesty's battles, and helping to widen England, your Majesty; and now I am straight from the land of the Powhattans—

Elizabeth. What is that, and where?

Smith. West, and West, and ever West, beyond everlasting reaches of sea—and then—ah! could I but show you!—Virginia!

Elizabeth [*to* RALEIGH]. The name thou gavest, Walter!

Smith. There be great forests; great rivers, whose sands are of gold. There the golden grain ripeneth to the sickle twice i' the same year!

Essex [*sneeringly*]. And thence cometh that stinking weed, with which Sir Walter befouleth the air!

Elizabeth. Peace! [*To* SMITH.] What are the dwellers in this fairyland of thine?

Smith [*simply*]. Why, I told you! The Powhattans. Fierce folk, and cruel. I myself well-nigh died at their hands.

Elizabeth. Oh!—how didst thou slip through them?

Smith. By the mercy of their Princess—Pocahontas.

Elizabeth [*repeating the name syllable by syllable*] Po-ca-hon-tas —?

Smith. Ay—or Matoaka. But we've baptised her, and christened her Rebecca.

Elizabeth. Fie! I'll have none of thy Rebecca. For me she shall be Pocahontas. [*To her* COURT.] Now, sirs, this poor creature is saved from cruel death by a fair princess, and hath not brought her home as his wife! [*To* SMITH.] Ifakins, thou art but a pease-pod of a man!

Smith. Cry you mercy, your Majesty! She's not my wife, but she's here, awaiting your good pleasure.

Elizabeth. Body o' me! He hath such a treasure on show, and keepeth us listening to his prating! Where is she? Have her hither!

Smith. By your good leave! [*He beckons.*

Enter POCAHONTAS, *with a retinue of* INDIAN GIRLS *She makes obeisance to* SMITH.

Elizabeth. A fair creature!

Smith [*eagerly, pointing to* ELIZABETH]. Nau! Nau! Acce el Roona! *No! No! Yonder's the Queen.*

Elizabeth. Hath she no English?

Smith. Little or none, your Majesty.

Elizabeth [*to* POCAHONTAS]. Come hither!—[POCAHONTAS *shelters with* SMITH.] What? Is she afraid? [POCAHONTAS *whispers to* SMITH.

Smith. She saith you are so fair, you must be a goddess.

Elizabeth. Her new Christianity is but skin-deep, then. [POCAHONTAS *whispers again.*] And what saith she now?

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Smith. I dare not tell your Majesty.
Elizabeth. At once!
Smith. She is afraid you will eat her!
Elizabeth [*laughing*]. Truly, she is pretty enough!
[POCAHONTAS *whispers again.*

Smith. She asketh whether she may dance to you.
Elizabeth. Ay, that were worth seeing. What say you, lords? Dance, pretty maiden.

[POCAHONTAS *dances. At the end of the dance she prostrates herself at* ELIZABETH'S *feet.* ELIZABETH *raises her, and places a golden chain round her neck.*

Elizabeth. Fair, sweet and gracious! Thou shalt have a home by broad Tamesa, where thou shalt see the great ships coming from thy land to mine. [*To* SMITH.] And as for thee, honest mariner, come hither. [*To* LEYCESTER.] Lend me your sword. Kneel, John Smith. [*Gives him the accolade.*] Rise, Sir Knight.—Now, my lords, break up!
Leycester. Whither now, great Queen?
Elizabeth. To Deptford, to dine on board Drake's ship which hath encompassed the world. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Questioner. Farewell, great-souled Elizabeth! Farewell,
The glorious, venturesome days, when England rose
Like a young giant, stirring in his sleep,
And stretched strong hands across the world, and cried,
Lo! this is mine!—and this!—that here my sons,
Millions unborn, may in the unborn years
Find space for vaster life and glorious deeds!

Time. But first the land is plunged again in gloom;
Again the tocsin clangs, the beacon flames,
And brother rages after brother——

Questioner [*to him*]. Speed!
Let the black years slip by unseen! For me
There shall be no more tragedies! Unfold
A vision of the laughter-loving reign;
How fared our friends when merry Charles was King!

Memory. Hither comes with news of cheer,
Joyously a Cavalier;
Hear the ballad he shall troll,
Light of heart and gay of soul!

Enter a CAVALIER.

The CAVALIER *sings:—*

Now Charles comes into his own again,
The King comes over the sea;

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The royal banner is flown again,
  The land laughs aloud in glee!—
    For weary the years, and sour, and grim,
    Waiting for him, Ah! waiting for him!—
But now, like a seed that is sown again,
  Up springs old jollity;
For Charles comes into his own again,
  The King comes over the sea!

Now Charles comes into his own again,
  The King comes over the sea;
And never a sigh or a groan again
  Shall sound from Thames to Dee.—
    Our hearts were heavy, our eyes were dim,
    Fighting for him, Ah! dying for him!—
But now he'll sit on his throne again,
  The King for you and me!
For Charles comes into his own again,
  The King comes over the sea!

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The Fifth Vision

LORD FAIRWOOD.
LADY FAIRWOOD.
DIANA } *Their daughters.*
ELEANOR }
SIR CHARLES BELAIRS.
SIR HARRY DEARLOVE.
MONSIEUR FRISEUR.
HERR SCHNEIDER.
SIGNOR ROSINI.
ATTENDANTS.

Enter DIANA, ELEANOR, SIR HARRY, *and* SIR CHARLES.

IANA. 'Tis no manner of use, Sir Harry; nothing will move our father.

Sir Harry. So small a matter! He hath but to show himself at Court!

Eleanor. That is what he will never do.

Diana. He swears his courage fails him.

Sir Charles [*laughing*]. Ha! Courage! He fought at Worcester and Naseby for the late King!

Sir Harry. He followed his present Majesty into exile in the Low Countries.

Diana. O Lud! Eleanor, do you remember our life at Breda and Bruges?

Eleanor. Do I not? We were too young for the gaities, so we stayed at home and darned stockings!

Sir Harry. Monstrous!

Diana. The Commonwealth had robbed father of all his estate——

Eleanor. And mother's fortune was all spent——

Diana. And we were brought back to this forgotten corner——

Sir Charles. Paradise, now you grace it!

Eleanor. Where we live like cabbages!

Diana. Turnips!

Sir Harry. But King Charles has come into his own again!

Sir Charles. Why will not my lord of Fairwood claim his rights?

Diana. He says the King will remember.

Eleanor. As if the King had nought else to think of!

Diana. And so my lord will neither appear at Court, nor even present a petition, for fear of troubling His Majesty.

Eleanor. Will you ha' the truth on't? I believe he loves being buried here with his hounds and his horses, and would be wretched if the King were to pluck him out of his retreat.

Sir Charles. Then, egad, we'll leave him in't; but you must be rescued!

Sir Harry [*eagerly*]. Ay! Some dark night—a coach——

Sir Charles. Two coaches!

Sir Harry. Four horses!

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Sir Charles. Eight!
Sir Harry. A ladder.
Sir Charles. Two ladders!
Sir Harry [*to* DIANA]. I whistle under your window——
Sir Charles [*to* ELEANOR]. And I under yours——
Sir Harry. Down you come!
Sir Charles. And away we go!
Together. To the Temple of Hymen!
Diana. What! No Bishop?
Eleanor. No Bridesmaids?
Diana. No Bells?
Eleanor. No Breakfast?
Both. Not I!
Sir Harry. Perdition!
Sir Charles. Despair! [*They both kneel.*
Together. Hear us, pitiless nymphs! [LADY FAIRWOOD *is heard calling.*
Lady Fairwood. Di! Di! Nelly!
Diana. O Lud! Here's mother!
Eleanor [*to the* YOUTHS]. Get you gone!
Sir Charles. Not I! I stay where I am!
Sir Harry. Not ten thousand mothers should stir me!

Enter LADY FAIRWOOD

Lady Fairwood. Odds gaspings! a pretty dance you've led me to find you! And, pray, who are these young sparks?

Diana. Why, mother, you know very well. This is Sir Harry Dearlove, whom we met at the Stadhouder's ball at Breda.

Eleanor. And this is Sir Charles Belairs, who led us to the top of the Belfry at Bruges.

Lady Fairwood. When I had to stop half-way, being short of breath——

Sir Charles [*with elaborate bows*]. Madam, your most respectful, most dutiful——

Sir Harry. Most humble, most obedient——

Together. Most faithful servants to command!

Lady Fairwood. Vastly civil, I vow. But odds plannings and plottings! what are you here for to-day?

Sir Harry. We were airing our horses, Madam, and—and——

Sir Charles. Madam, we were, as Sir Harry says, horsing our airings——

Lady Fairwood. I perceive you are as much confused as I am, though I have better cause.

Diana. What is the matter, mother?

Lady Fairwood. Matter enough, to be sure. Lead me to a seat.

Sir Harry [*bringing a chair*]. Here, Madam!

Sir Charles [*bringing another*]. Here, Madam!

Lady Fairwood [*bewildered*]. Which am I to sit on? [*Sits.*] Alack! My lord is in one of his tantrums!

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Eleanor. Why, mother?

Lady Fairwood. He's had a big letter from town.

Diana [*excitedly*]. From London?

All. From London?

Lady Fairwood. Don't scream! Odds peacocks! have I no nerves? Ay, from London. With a great red seal, and the Royal arms—

Diana. From Court?

Eleanor. From the King?

Sir Charles and Sir Harry. Rapture!

Lady Fairwood. He won't tell me. He only swears dreadfully. [*In one breath.*] And he's sent Dickon on Bobbin to the market town what for I do not know and what's happening I do not know but it's something dreadful I'm sure and O la! here he is!

Enter SIR JOHN, *with a letter in his hand.*

Lord Fairwood [*also in one breath*]. Lady Fairwood what a plague did you leave me for the house is empty dash my vitals if there's a living soul in it and I in a state of perturbation bordering on frenzy and Dickon rode into town and I left in an empty house with not so much as a cat to swear at and here I find you all in the garden taking the air as merry as grigs as thoff nothing were happening and who the devil are you, sir?

Sir Harry. Harry Dearlove, at your service, my Lord.

Lord Fairwood. Go and hang yourself! [*Finds himself face to face with* SIR CHARLES.] Split me! here's another of 'em!

Sir Charles. Charles Belairs, your very obedient, my Lord.

Lord Fairwood. I don't know neither of you, and I don't want to. I tell you, I'm bothered out of my wits, and I don't want to see anybody or hear anybody or speak to anybody.

Lady Fairwood. Why, this very moment you were complaining the house was empty.

Lord Fairwood. Mustn't a man change his mind, then? I'm so put about, 'tis a pure miracle I have any mind to change!

Sir Harry. Let me offer my services, my Lord——

Sir Charles. I have much experience, my Lord——

Lord Fairwood. Ay, you both have rogues' faces. Town rogues' faces, both of you. Can you read?

Sir Charles [*laughing*]. Running hand, my Lord.

Sir Harry [*laughing*]. Short words, my Lord.

Lord Fairwood [*handing letter*]. Here, then. Read this.

Sir Harry [*reads*]. "My Lord Fairwood is hereby required and commanded to present himself at St. James' Palace within fourteen days——

Sir Charles [*reads*]. "And to bring the Lady Fairwood and the young mistresses——"

Sir Harry. Signed by the King's Chamberlain!

Diana [*dancing and clapping her hands*]. We're to go to Court! to Court! to Court!

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Eleanor [*as above*]. To see the King on his golden throne!

Lady Fairwood [*tragically*]. And I haven't a single thing to wear!

Lord Fairwood. Hold your tongues, you clucking hens! Of course you haven't a single thing to wear! No more have I! Look at these sparks. London shop-boys, I make no manner of doubt, but look at 'em! Look at their wigs! Look at their coats! Stap my vitals, look at 'em all over! and then look at *me!* And look at yourselves! D've think you look like Court ladies? Gadzookers, can you see yourselves sweeping up the grand hall, with the Court ranged on either side, and can you hear the snigger grow as you pass, till the guffaw finally blows the roof off? I won't go, and that's flat!

Lady Fairwood. You won't! Have you fought at Worcester and Naseby, only to disobey your King in your old age?

Lord Fairwood. Dang it, Madam, what's cannons and blunderbusses compared wi' laughter and mockery?

Diana [*wailing*]. Father! Father!

Eleanor. Cruel parent!

Sir Harry. Can you hear these moans unmoved?

Sir Charles. Can you see these tears unmelted?

Lord Fairwood. Who the plague are you, to mix yourselves in my affairs? I'm going up to Lunnon all right—

All [*with a cry of joy*]. Ah!

Lord Fairwood [*imitating them*]. Ah!—Oh yes, I'm going up! but 'tis the bitterest pill I've had to swallow, so 'tis. There, there! I've sent Dickon to fetch the barber, and the tailor and the fiddler. We'll see what they can make of me. Oh! 'tis a black day!

Enter DICKON.

Dickon. My Lord! My Lord! Here be Mounseer Freesoor, the French barber, and Mynheer Schneider, the German tailor, and Sig-nor Rosini, the Eyetalian fiddler.

Lord Fairwood. Ha' they brought their bandboxes?

Dickon. Ay, sure! Cartloads of 'em!

Lord Fairwood. Have 'em hither!

[DICKON *beckons off. Enter, first, a* FIDDLER *playing a march to which he dances on; he is followed by two* APPRENTICES, *who dance on, bearing, one, a rich waist-coat, and the other a laced coat. Behind them comes* HERR SCHNEIDER; *next follow the* BARBER'S APPRENTICES, *one with a basin with lather, another with shaving-brush and razor, another with towels, and a fourth with a large looking-glass. Lastly comes* MONSIEUR FRISEUR, *with a bandbox. All dance on to the fiddle. The infection of the music seizes the characters already on the scene, who also gradually fall a-dancing, and so continue to the end.*

Diana. Oh, my feet jig it to the tune!

Eleanor. Faith, and so do mine!

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Lord Fairwood [*his feet moving to the dance*]. Come hither, Mounseer! I'm summoned to Court. Hast thou a wig a gentleman can be seen in and not perish o' shame?

Monsieur [*fantastically*]. Ah! Milor desire une belle perruque! [*Produces one out of bandbox.*] J'en ai pour tout le monde: pour gentilhomme, chevalier, bourgeois. Milor verra—voilà—O! la belle perruque! O! le chef-d'œuvre!

Lord Fairwood. Gadzookers! I shall look like an owl in an ivybush! Why cannot I wear my own hair?

Monsieur. Fi donc! Cela ne se fait pas! Cela n'est pas convenable!

Lady Fairwood [*also dancing*]. For shame, my lord! Wear your own hair, indeed! I wonder you can say such things in the presence of ladies!

Lord Fairwood. Well, well! How much, now?

Monsieur. Je vous la donne pour rien. Elle ne vous coutera que quarante guinées.

Lord Fairwood. What! Forty guineas! Why, I could buy the man the hair grew on for less money!

Monsieur. Milor veut rire.

Lady Fairwood. 'Tis a noble structure. Try it on.

Lord Fairwood. Clap it on, then, Mounseer, and let's see what the plaguey thing looks like.

Monsieur. Ah, milor, vous ne pouvez la mettre avant que vous ne soyez rasé.

Lord Fairwood. Shave my head! I'll be shot if I do!

Sir Harry. There's no help for it. Your pate must be bare, or 'twill not sit.

Monsieur. Ce n'est rien. Trois mouvements: un, deux, trois, et c'est fait!

Lord Fairwood. I shall catch my death o' cold!

Monsieur. Permettez. Veuillez vous asseoir. [*Thrusts him into a chair.*] La serviette! [*Ties it round his neck.*] Le savon! [*Lathers the top of his head.*] Voilà! Voilà!

Lord Fairwood [*yelling*]. Keep it out of my eyes, thou rogue!

[MONSIEUR *shaves* LORD FAIRWOOD'S *head.*

Signor [*dancing up, fiddling*]. Mentre che Eccelenza fa la sua toletta, veng' io suonare una bella danza! [ALL *dance more vigorously.*

Schneider [*dancing up, with his Assistants carrying the coat and vest, which they display*]. Ach, ja! Und Durchlaucht können mittlerweile dero Augen an diesem wunderschönen Rock weiden!

Signor. Eh! Salta! Salta! 'Op! 'Op! 'Op!

Monsieur. Tenez vous donc tranquil, nom d'un petit chien bleu!

Schneider. Der Rock wird sich an Durchlaucht anschmiegen wie höchst dero eigene Haut!

Lord Fairwood. Gadzookers, am I in the Tower of Babel! Hast thou done!

Sir Charles. Oh, my lord, we must all suffer if we would be beautiful!

Monsieur [*whipping off the cloth from about* LORD FAIRWOOD'S *neck*]. Voilà pour la tête. Ah, que Milor sera donc beau! Que Milor se regarde un peu!

[*One of the* BARBER'S ASSISTANTS *dances up with the mirror.*

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Lord Fairwood [*perfectly bald*]. Rogue! Scoundrel! Villain! I look like a bad egg! Give me back my hair, or I'll run thee through the body!

Monsieur [*quickly clapping the wig on him*]. Voilà la perruque!

Schneider. Hier die Veste! [*His* ASSISTANTS *seize* LORD FAIRWOOD *and strip off his coat and waistcoat, the* TAILOR *slips the new waistcoat over his arms*]. Ach, wie schön! Jetzt schnell den Rock! [*Same business with coat.*] Durchlaucht sind ein wahrer Apollo.

Lord Fairwood. It's too tight! I shall burst! I'm a figure of fun!

Monsieur [*taking the articles he names from the* ASSISTANTS]. Le chapeau—sous le bras, milor!—Le mouchoir en dentelles—Ah! et le fleuret! Voilà!

Lady Fairwood. I vow, my Lord, I shall fall in love with thee all over again!

Lord Fairwood [*admiring himself in the mirror*]. I vow to Gad 'tis not so bad! [*Bows and grimaces to his reflection.*] Sir! your very obedient! Madam, your most dutiful—

Enter DICKON.

Dickon. The coach is ready, my Lord!
Signor. Ecco! Bisogna una graziosa Marcia! Avanti!
Monsieur. En avant!
Schneider. Vorwärts!
Diana. The coach! The coach! To London Town!
Eleanor. In scarlet shoon and silken gown.
Sir Harry. We'll lead you to the altar soon.
Sir Charles. In silken gown and scarlet shoon.
Lord Fairwood. I'll stay till my hair be grown again!
Lady Fairwood. I'll stay till eternitee!
Diana. For Charles has come into his own again!
All. The King has come over the sea!

[*Led by the* FIDDLER *they all dance out hand in hand.*

Questioner. Sweet Memory, well done! 'Tis good to laugh.
Yet I am puzzled. Is there any link
Betwixt the ancient smith and yonder lord?
Time. Why, first you saw the father of all smiths,
And next the Armourer, sprung from the smith;
He wedded Isobel, and took her name:
Henceforth Sir Armorel of Belforest;
A later Armorel fought for his King.
Then to Queen Bess, John Smith, the mariner—
Doubtless a cousin—brought the wild princess;
But in the course of centuries Belforest
Changed by translation into Fairwood; thus
The merry lord could trace a long descent
Back to the doughty sire of all the smiths.

Questioner [*laughing*].
His arms should be an anvil and a hammer;

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"Strike while the iron's hot!" his motto!—
[*She sees how* MEMORY *has curled up under a tree and fallen fast asleep.*
Look!
Memory sleepeth!
[*Shaking him.*] Ho! Awake! Awake!

Memory [*jumping up*].
Ouch! Don't pinch!
Or I shall yell!
I wish I'd never seen you;
For, between you,
I'm well-nigh spent:
You're never content:—
I gave you an inch:—
You want an ell!

Questioner. Once more, only once more! These smiths of England,
Show me their state when virtuous Anne was Queen!—
I warrant, Marlborough knew the sturdy breed!

Memory. A Summer Eve on Fairwood lawn
Shall be the scene.
You shall behold
A soldier bold
Go forth to serve his Queen!

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The Sixth Vision

1711

LORD FAIRWOOD.
LADY FAIRWOOD.
THE HON. JOHN SMITH, *their son.*
LADY CONINGSBY.
LADY BELAIRS.
BELINDA, *her daughter.*
A MAJOR-DOMO.
SERVANTS.

LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN *of the Minuet—the* GENTLEMEN *all wearing swords, masks.*

Enter the MAJOR-DOMO *with* SERVANTS, *to whom he gives instructions in dumb-show. Enter* LORD *and* LADY FAIRWOOD.

ORD FAIRWOOD. Bustle! Bustle! Coaches, chaises, sedan-chairs, crush to the gates! I warrant we shall have monstrous fine company!

Lady Fairwood. 'Tis my plan of an al fresco masquerade that has drawn them hither.

Lord Fairwood. Ay, and my idea of the French dance.

Lady Fairwood [*bridling*]. What is that, my Lord? I had given no instructions.

Lord Fairwood [*soothing her*]. There! There! You cannot know everything. Lady Coningsby is bringing her friends in the dresses of the French Court, to step through a minuet——

Lady Fairwood. Vastly elegant, I daresay, but——

Lord Fairwood. Make no difficulties, I beg of you. For, as it is, I have little heart for this frolic, knowing what tidings we must get from abroad anon—knowing our Jack will be called to the wars——

Lady Fairwood. Had you told me in time, I would have countermanded this entertainment. Now it is too late. Wear a cheerful mien, my lord.

Lord Fairwood. Ay, Ay. Woman was ever the braver sex. Ah! Hither comes Lady Coningsby.

Enter the MAJOR-DOMO, *preceding a sedan chair, which is followed by the dancers of the Minuet. The sedan is set down.*

Major-Domo. The Lady Coningsby!

[*The sedan is opened, and out of it steps the* LADY CONINGSBY. *Ceremonious salutes. She and her* DANCERS *go up a little and prepare for their dance. Other* GUESTS *(all in travesty, as shepherds, shepherdesses, etc.) enter, and come up to salute* LORD *and* LADY FAIRWOOD; *after which they disperse.*

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Lord Fairwood. Faith, I'm stiff with bowing!

Lady Fairwood. All are come now.

Lord Fairwood. Not so. Lady Belairs and the fair Belinda are not here.

Lady Fairwood. If Lady Belairs fails us, 'twill mean she will not countenance a betrothal 'twixt Jack and Belinda.

Lord Fairwood. She'll not be so bold?

Lady Fairwood. And Jack? Where is Jack?

Lord Fairwood. Looking after his accoutrements, I doubt not. If Lady Belairs be obdurate, he'll go to the wars with a heavy heart. [*To* MAJOR-DOMO.] Has no messenger come?

Major-Domo. Not yet, my Lord.

Lord Fairwood. Admit him instantly. [MAJOR-DOMO *bows.*

Lady Fairwood. From whom do you await so urgent a message?

Lord Fairwood. From Marlborough.

Lady Fairwood. Hush! Let none of our guests hear you. [*To* MAJOR-DOMO.] If the Signor be come, let him strike up his minuet. [MAJOR-DOMO *bows and exit.*

Lord Fairwood. I fear even you will need all your courage.

Lady Fairwood. My Lord, I shall be ready!

[*Meanwhile the dancers have arranged themselves. The concealed orchestra strikes up a minuet, and the dance begins. After it has proceeded a little while, enter* BELINDA, *eagerly. The dance continues while the following scene is in progress.*

Lady Fairwood [*meeting* BELINDA *with outstretched hands*]. Ah! dear Belinda! So your mother has brought you, after all!

Belinda [*after an elaborate curtsey*]. I am deeply grateful to her. [*Looking round.*] But where is——?

Lady Fairwood. Jack? Patience. He will come very soon.

Lord Fairwood. Meanwhile, young lady, tell us, if you please, how your mother took the news of this proposed betrothal.

Belinda. Why, sir, she took it as a good mother should. For first she screamed, and next she swooned, and then she scolded, and then she swooned again, and then she summoned her physician, and then she locked herself in her chamber and vowed she was going to die, and then she came out again and burst into tears and said I was a headstrong brat, so I was, and no child of hers, and then she took me in her arms and kissed me, and by that time the perruquier had come and she retired with him and Smith—Smith is her maid—into her powder-closet, and when she came out, she had forgotten all about it.

Lady Fairwood. And all's well that ends well.

Lord Fairwood [*on his dignity*]. At the same time—hum!—I find your mother's conduct a little surprising. Hum!—we have no desire to thrust our son——

Belinda [*stopping her ears*]. La! Don't *you* begin, my Lord, I beseech you! I can manage my mother, having brought her up since I was a child; but I should not know how to manage you.

Lord Fairwood. It strikes me on the contrary, you could manage anybody!

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Enter LADY BELAIRS.

Lady Belairs. So here you are, naughty child. Ah, Fairwood! Well, well, to be sure, indeed! [*To* LADY FAIRWOOD.] And Topsy. Ay, ay! A pretty pickle you've let these children of ours get into!

Lord Fairwood. I find, Madam, you are but half pleased with this match.

Lady Belairs. Oh, I don't plague myself with the match. Bel has always managed these things herself.

Lord Fairwood [*surprised*]. Indeed ——! I thought this was the first ——

Lady Belairs. The first marriage? Of course, stupid man. I mean she manages everything. How she'll manage Jack ——! Ah, well! I have no quarrel with the match. But —— the news is sudden.

Lady Fairwood. This is the day for sudden news.

Lady Belairs. Now, Topsy, if you mean anything, what do you mean?

Lord Fairwood. She means nothing, Madam. Let us three walk apart and discuss this matter.

Lady Belairs. Ay, there are settlements, and jointures, and dower-houses, and the Lord knows what, to be thought on.

[*They move away. Meanwhile the* HON. JOHN SMITH *has entered and has come up to* BELINDA.

Belinda. Ah, Jack at last!

Jack. Why, Belinda! I find you with heightened colour. Nothing untoward has happened, I trust?

Belinda. Oh, Jack, Jack! I have been frightening your father, and am myself almost frightened to death!

Jack. My poor child—but why should you frighten my father?

Belinda. Our parents are making such a to-do around our espousals, that I felt I must put on a bold face. So I rode the high horse—I, who have never ridden a horse in my life! I should even have taken *you* in, had you beheld me!

Jack. Not you! I know what you are, my divinity. A gentle, timid, shrinking creature, alarmed at a mouse.

Belinda. Oh, Jack, it is so good to be timid and shrinking, when you can shrink against a strong arm, like yours.

Jack. Belinda—supposing I were summoned to leave you—now.

Belinda. Do not suppose such horrid things, Jack! My heart would break! My heart would break!

[*A* MESSENGER *meanwhile has hurriedly brought a letter to* LORD FAIRWOOD. *The latter has read it, has left* LADY FAIRWOOD *and* LADY BELAIRS, *and is now at* JACK'S *elbow.*

Lord Fairwood. Jack!

Jack. Yes, sir?

Lord Fairwood. Come hither, Jack!

Jack [*indicating* BELINDA]. But, sir—how can I leave ——?

Lord Fairwood [*to* LADY FAIRWOOD, *who has come up*]. Keep her company a moment.

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Belinda [*to* LORD FAIRWOOD]. Oh, my Lord, why has your face grown so grave?

Lord Fairwood [*laughing*]. Grave? Not so. That is mere old age, child: I am as merry as a cricket—under my face.

Lady Fairwood. Let us watch the dancers, dear heart.

Belinda [*looking from one to the other*]. I am frightened!

[*They move away a little.*

Jack [*to* LORD FAIRWOOD]. Well, sir?

Lord Fairwood [*indicating letter*]. This, my boy. [*Hands it to him.*

Jack [*reading it*]. From Lord Marlborough himself; I am to go to-day!

[*Mechanically gives the letter back, with his eyes fixed on* BELINDA.

Lord Fairwood. Your horse is saddled. You must ride with all speed to Tilbury. There the Queen's transport awaits you. So without delay to Amsterdam, and God grant you be in time!

Jack [*indicating the dancers*]. And all these——?

Lord Fairwood. Ride with you. We will tell them anon.

Jack. And Belinda—how am I to tell *her?*

Lord Fairwood [*a little bitterly*]. She'll bear it! A girl of rare courage! Tell her at once. Nay, I see your mother has told her.

[*A* SERVANT *has brought on* JACK'S *sword, headgear, etc.* BELINDA *has seen these, and* LADY FAIRWOOD *has hurriedly told her what they mean. So that now* BELINDA *gives a little horrified cry, and rushes to* JACK.

Belinda. Oh, Jack, Jack! Just as we are so happy!

Jack. Courage! Courage!

Belinda. I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!

[*The* DANCERS *hearing her cry, break up in confusion, and crowd around the central group with questions,* "What is it?" "What is the news, Jack?" *The music continues.*

Jack. Briefly, comrades, here is a dispatch from Lord Marlborough. He summons us all to join him at once!

[*Cries of delight from the* MEN, *of alarm from the* WOMEN. *Agitated movement among the crowd, and eager conversation.*

Jack. Belinda! Gird my sword about me!

Belinda. I cannot—I cannot! Mother!

[*She falls, half swooning, into* LADY BELAIRS' *arms.*

Jack. Poor child!

Lady Fairwood. I will gird on your sword, Jack. [*To* LORD FAIRWOOD.] I told you I should be ready!

[*She takes the sword and is about to buckle it on, when she breaks down sobbing.*

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Lady Fairwood. I cannot! I cannot!

[*She goes to* LORD FAIRWOOD, *who comforts her.*

Lord Fairwood. Stop the music! [*The music stops.*
Belinda [*dashing her tears away*]. Jack! Let me try again!
Jack. Nay—'tis too much to ask.
Belinda. Let me try. [*She kneels at his side and buckles the sword on.*
Jack. Brave heart! So should a soldier's wife be!
Belinda [*holding the sword*]. Ah, sword, defend his life!

[*She kisses the hilt. As she rises,* JACK *seizes her in his left arm, while he draws his sword with his right.*

Jack. Comrades! For our Womenfolk! for our Country! for Queen Anne!

[*All the* MEN *step forward in front of the* LADIES, *and draw their swords.*

Jack [*still holding* BELINDA *in his left arm; raising his sword on high*]. God save the Queen!
All [*copying his action*]. God save the Queen!

[*They hold their swords aloft, while the* WOMEN *pass in front of them, and so off. Then they sheathe their swords: all shake hands together energetically.*

Jack Come! the horses wait! [*All go out, talking eagerly.*

Time. You choose a name, and you have seen its story:
But had you chosen any other name,
The tale had been as full of moving deeds.
Remember this!—Lady, remember this!—
For 'tis the clearest truth Time hath to teach:
The humblest, the obscurest son of England,
The little shopman, selling his paltry wares,
The worn-out toiler, crippled with labour, loves
England as passionately, suffers for her
As uncomplainingly, and dies for her
As gladly, as the crowd-acclaimèd hero!
Oh, love the ignorant, then, the poor, the humble!
Your brothers, in their love of this dear land!

Questioner. Memory, write these words upon my soul
In letters of imperishable fire!

Memory. Now you've seen all I can show
Bid your servant Memory go!

Questioner. Nay, nay! I must be sure I've learnt my lesson!
Stand here! While I recall the stirring tale!

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Now, to the music of a solemn march, enter all the FIGURES *of the* MASQUE *as the* QUESTIONER *names each* VISION. *They form themselves into a great group.* TIME *disappears.*

Questioner. Stout of heart, and clear of eye,
See the Saxon youth draw nigh,
Scatter, shatter, ancient myths,
First of Makers, first of smiths.

Thousand years have flown apace,
William rules a conquered race;
Love is mightier than war:
Conquered is the Conqueror!

Woful men have fought and bled
For the white rose and the red;
Here the hostile brothers see:
Kinship lost in enmity.

England broadens, and the race,
Seeks afar an ampler space,
And the Vision summoneth
Glorious Elizabeth.

Loyal hearts devoutly cling
To the memory of their King:
Belforest shall Fairwood be
When the King comes o'er the sea!

Still the sword the smith of old
Hammered, doth its virtues hold:
Still the latest Smith is seen,
Bold to draw it for his Queen.

[*The group is now complete.* TIME *has re-entered, now a radiant* YOUTH, *bearing a golden hour-glass, in which the sands are of gold. He is surrounded by the* DECADES *and the* SEASONS, *all bearing masses of red and white roses.*

Questioner. All is done—and ends my rhyme;
Stay, though! Where is Father Time?

Time. Here, fair Questioner, I stand,
With the years on either hand.

Questioner. You—ancient Time? Where is your terrible scythe?
Your snowy forelock?

Time. Ah! I am transfigured!

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The Time that was is gone, and I am NOW!
My sands are golden, and they smoothly run
Toward happy days, toward righting of old wrongs,
Toward Health, and Help, and Hope, and Brotherhood.
I am the good Time of To-day; I am
The Promise of the Future, and the Time
A Queen makes gracious and Princesses fair:
The glorious Time of the Peacemaker's reign!

A GREAT SHOUT GOES UP, "HAIL!"

God Save the King

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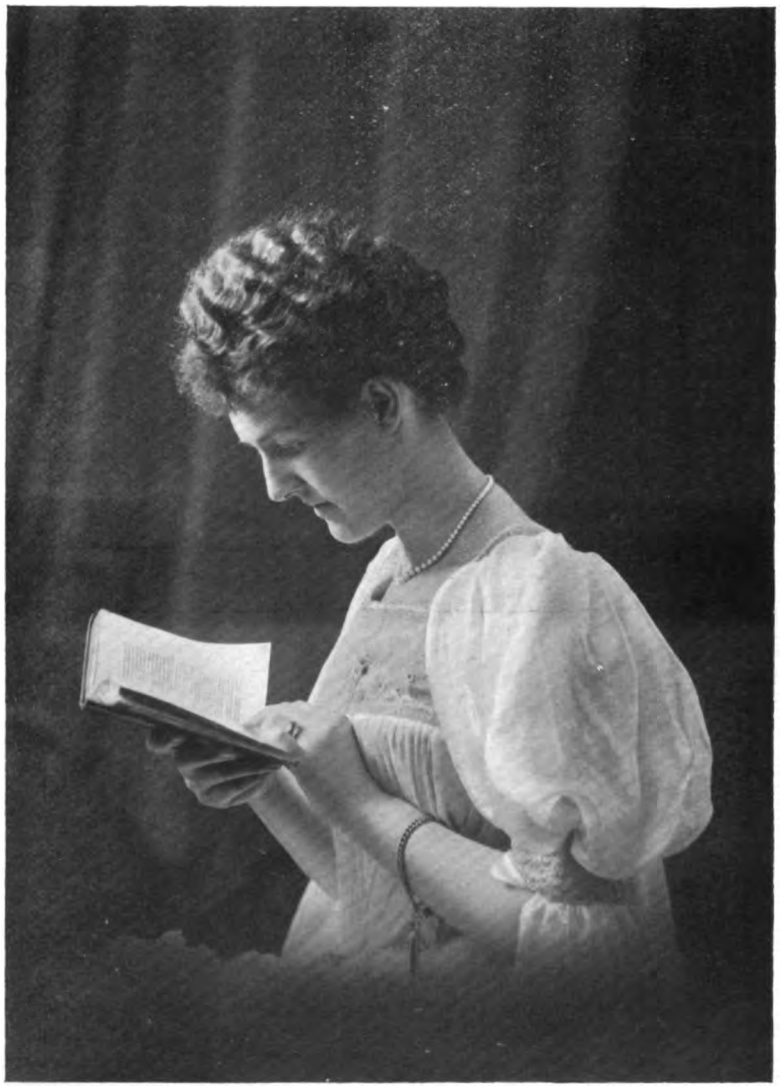

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MRS. CHARLES CRUTCHLEY

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MISS LORN MACNAUGHTAN

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ARTHUR ERSKINE, R.H.A.

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RALPH ALDERSON

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THE LADY ROSALIND NORTHCOTE

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THE HON. MRS. AILWYN FELLOWES

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MISS VIOLET PORTMAN

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THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL

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CLAREMONT

LAREMONT, the residence of Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Albany, is situated close to the picturesque village of Esher, and stands in some of the most lovely surroundings to be found anywhere near London.

The original house was a large mansion built by Vanbrugh for the Duke of Newcastle, then Earl of Clare. There are still remains in the grounds of Vanbrugh's buildings, notably the tower near the house, on the outside of which is this inscription placed by the Duke of Newcastle: "And Claremont be the name. 1715." On the death of the Duke the estate was sold to Lord Clive, and the present house was built to his order by Lancelot Brown, better known as "Capability Brown." It is said that the large drawing-room was specially designed to contain the large Indian Carpet which is still to be seen there. After Lord

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CLAREMONT

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Clive's tragic death in 1774 the property was again sold to Viscount Galway, from whom it passed to Lord Tyrconnel, who sold it to Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, in 1807. In 1816 Claremont was selected for the residence of Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, in prospect of her marriage with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the property being conveyed to the Commissioner of Woods

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SCENE OF "A MASQUE OF LIFE"

and Forests. The marriage took place on May 2nd, 1816, and from that time till her untimely death on November 6th, 1817, the Princess lived at Claremont.

From the death of Princess Charlotte till 1831, when Prince Leopold became King of the Belgians, he resided constantly there, and it was then that the late Queen Victoria was a frequent visitor to the house. It should be recorded that

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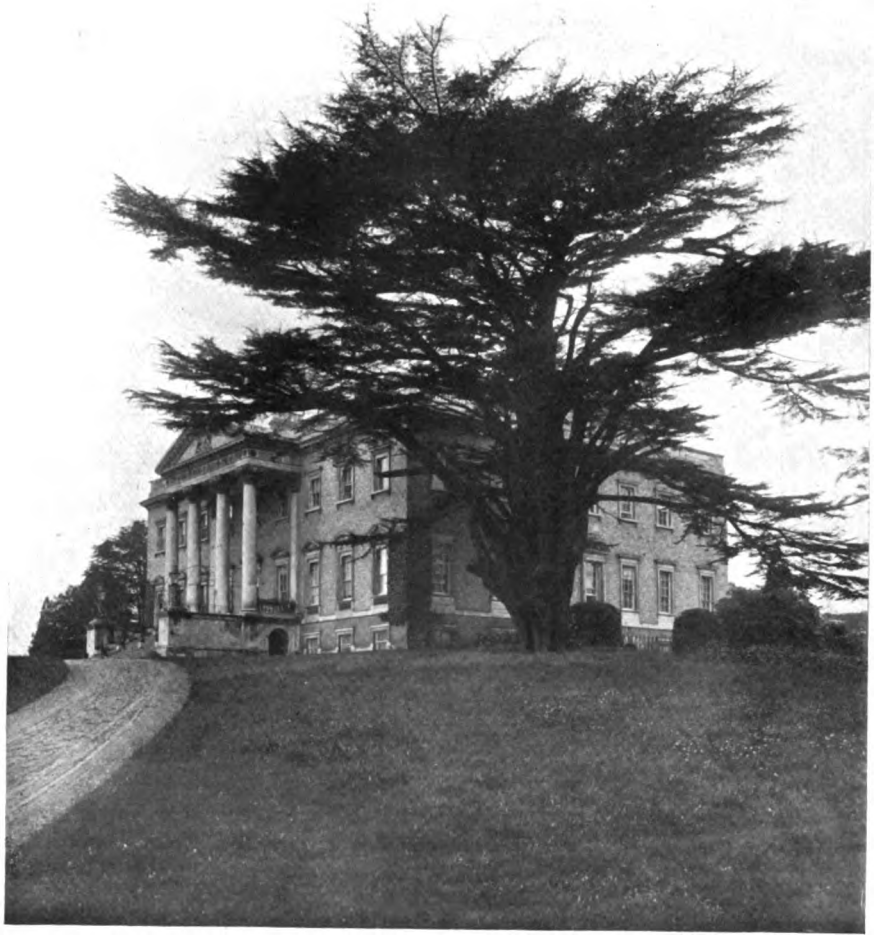

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CLAREMONT.

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the King of the Belgians spent the greater part of his English income on the place, and returned the balance to the Exchequer. In 1848 he placed Claremont at the disposal of the unfortunate King Louis Philippe, who took refuge there till his death in 1850, Queen Marie Amelie residing at Claremont till her death about twenty years later.

On the death of King Leopold in 1866, the property reverted to the Woods and Forests Department, and it is likely that it would have been cut up and

Photo by C. Vandyk] [*London, S.W.*

THE DRAWING-ROOM, CLAREMONT

developed into a number of villa residences had it not been for Queen Victoria, who, by giving an equivalent, secured a life interest in the estate. Some years later the Queen purchased the reversion and settled the estate on His Royal Highness the late Duke of Albany. Under this settlement Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany enjoys the life interest in the beautiful home in which she lives.

It will be the earnest hope of all the inhabitants of these islands that Her Royal Highness may long be spared to enjoy the inheritance, with health and

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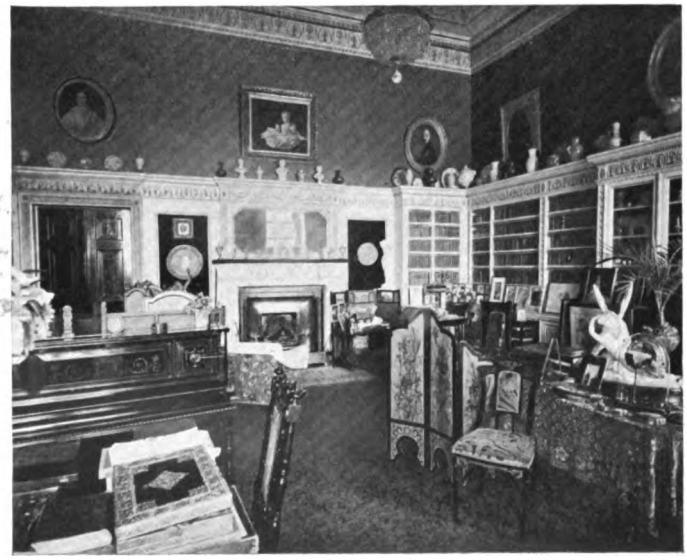
THE BLUE ROOM, CLAREMONT



H.R.H.'S BOUDOIR

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strength to continue the useful life of helping and controlling the many charitable works with which her name is connected. The Deptford Fund is one of the principal of these, and owes, perhaps, more to Her Royal Highness's practical help than any of the others.

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VIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF CLAREMONT

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VIEWS IN THE GROUNDS OF CLAREMONT.

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VIEWS IN THE GROUNDS OF CLAREMONT

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ALBANY INSTITUTE, AND ITS WORK

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AND

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Deptford Fund Office

24, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.; *Address*, Mrs. Lamert, *the Secretary*

Subscriptions and Donations gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer or the Secretary

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ALBANY INSTITUTE, ALBURY STREET, DEPTFORD.

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THE DEPTFORD FUND

ANNUAL WORK AT THE ALBANY INSTITUTE

THE OBJECT of the Deptford Fund is to relieve, with discretion and discrimination, the distressed poor of Deptford, when possible in conjunction with the local clergy and workers; very great care being taken in every case to avoid imposition or overlapping.

Sick Kitchen.—Hot, nourishing meat dinners are personally distributed to the sick or convalescent poor, the local Clergy, Doctors, C.O.S., Nurses and workers nominating suitable cases and guaranteeing genuine need. Children's dinners are distributed under similar conditions. Last year's total dinners were 20,120.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany's Girls' Club.—

1895.	Average	Attendance	28	Membership	35
1896.	,,	,,	40	,,	56
1897.	,,	,,	55	,,	75
1898.	,,	,,	111	,,	130
1899.	,,	,,	130	,,	175
1900.	,,	,,	166	,,	210
1901.	,,	,,	200	,,	250
1902.	,,	,,	240	,,	310
1903.	,,	,,	255	,,	360
1904.	,,	,,	288	,,	360
1905.	,,	,,	320	,,	380
1906.	,,	,,	330	,,	400

under Mrs. Lamert and a few ladies. (More personal help is urgently needed.)

Other Clubs, Mothers' Meetings, Sunday Classes, Men's and Boys' Clubs, etc., are carried on in the Institute by the local Clergy and other workers.

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WORK AT THE ALBANY INSTITUTE

School of Domestic Economy.—In Cookery, Needlework and Dressmaking, Laundrywork, and Hygiene, 30 scholars are annually trained for domestic service, etc., under a grant from the London County Council.

The Clothing Guild.—No less than 1,674 articles were received and distributed during 1906.

Annual Sales of Clothing.—2,127 new and 342 second-hand garments were provided and distributed direct to the poor last year.

Of *Hospital, Convalescent and Surgical Aid Letters*, an average of 150 are distributed annually.

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MRS. LAMERT
Secretary Deptford Fund

There is also a *Deptford Fund Refuge* carried on in conjunction with the Refuge and Reformatory Union, under Lady Darling and local Ladies and Gentlemen.

There is a *Children's Guild*, under H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck, President, of which the Viscountess Maitland is Vice-President.

Children's Happy Evenings gave instructive entertainment to 720 boys and girls during 1906. These are held under the presidency of The Lady Florence Pelham-Clinton, Mrs. Lamert acting as Hon. Secretary.

There is also a *Letter Club*, carried on under the Secretary, Mrs. Lamert, of whom further details connected with the work of the institute may be obtained on application to the offices, 24, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

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GIRLS' CLUB ROOM

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DEPTFORD SCHOOLS

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DEPTFORD SCHOOLS

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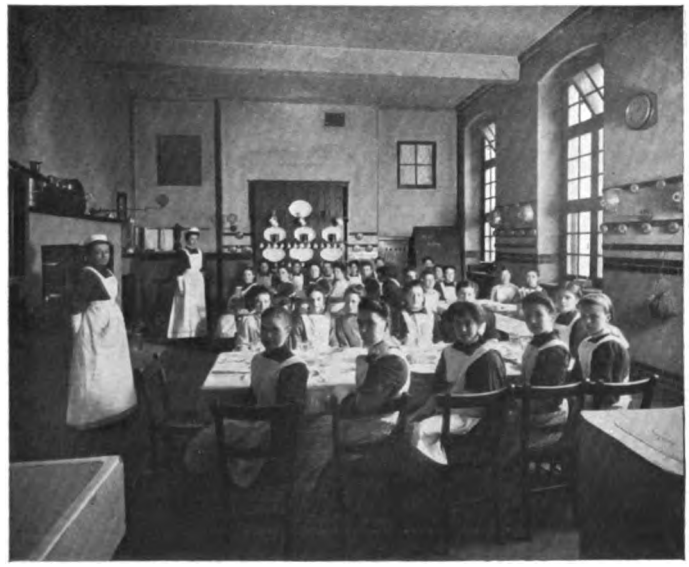
DEPTFORD SCHOOLS



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SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY

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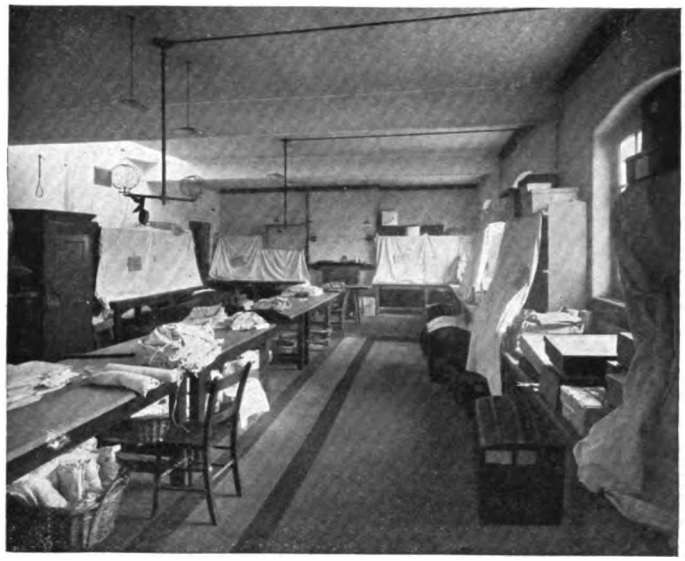

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DEPTFORD SCHOOLS

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WAITING FOR SICK DINNERS

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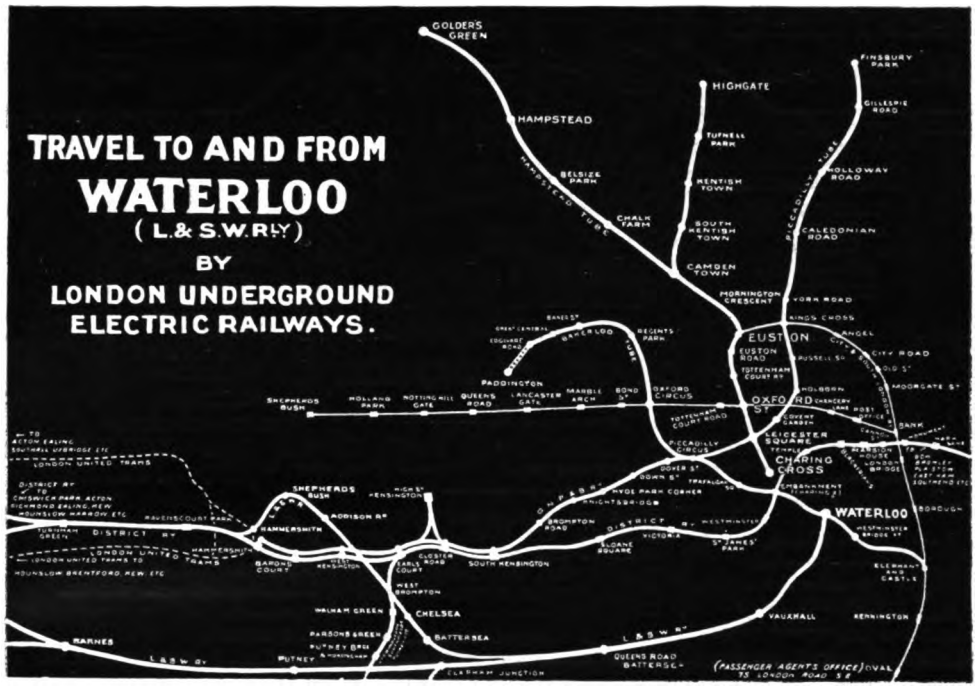

First and Last Trains on BAKERLOO TUBE

ELEPHANT & CASTLE TO GREAT CENTRAL

STATION	WEEKDAYS First	WEEKDAYS Last	SUNDAYS First	SUNDAYS Last
	A.M.	MIDT.	A.M.	P.M.
Elephant & Castle ...	5 15	12 25	7 30	11 30
Westminster Bdg. Road	5 17	12 27	7 32	11 32
Waterloo	5 19	12 29	7 34	11 34
Embankment	5 21	12 31	7 36	11 36
Trafalgar Square ...	5 22	12 32	7 37	11 37
Piccadilly Circus ...	5 24	12 34	7 39	11 39
Oxford Circus	5 26	12 36	7 41	11 41
Regent's Park	5 29	12 39	7 44	11 44
Baker Street	5 31	12 41	7 46	11 46
Great Central	5 33	12 43	7 48	11 48

GREAT CENTRAL TO ELEPHANT & CASTLE

STATION	WEEKDAYS First	WEEKDAYS Last	SUNDAYS First	SUNDAYS Last
	A.M.	MIDT.	A.M.	P.M.
Great Central	5 25	12 35	7 40	11 40
Baker Street	5 26	12 36	7 41	11 41
Regent's Park	5 29	12 39	7 44	11 44
Oxford Circus	5 31	12 41	7 46	11 46
Piccadilly Circus ...	5 34	12 44	7 49	11 49
Trafalgar Square ...	5 35	12 45	7 50	11 50
Embankment	5 36	12 46	7 51	11 51
Waterloo	5 38	12 48	7 53	11 53
Westminster Bdg. Road	5 40	12 50	7 55	11 55
Elephant & Castle ...	5 43	12 53	7 58	11 58

LOCAL FARES ON BAKERLOO TUBE

STATIONS BETWEEN	Great Central	Baker Street	Regent's Park	Oxford Circus	Piccadilly Circus	Trafalgar Square	Embankment (Charing X)	Waterloo	Westmr. Bdg.Rd.
Baker Street ...	1								
Regent's Park	1	1							
Oxford Circus ...	1	1	1						
Piccadilly Circus	1½	1½	1½	1					
Trafalgar Square	2	2	2	1	1				
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Waterloo ...	2½	2½	2½	2	1½	1	1		
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